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By the men . . . for the men in the service

MILKMAN IN ITALY

The Rescue of 22 Americans from Japs at Truk

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THE DRIVE

A 155-mm Long Tom lights up the camouflaged gun emplacements and surrounding area as it fires a round on the Italian front.

"The biggest jail break in history." That's what GIs in Italy are calling the new offensive because it freed them from the foxholes and gave them their first real taste of fast-moving action since Sicily.

By Sgt. WALTER BERNSTEIN
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY SOUTH OF ROME [By Cable]—The doughfeet are on the loose again. They have broken out of this stagnant beachhead and are moving forward after four months of sitting and taking it, and they are moving as they have not moved since the Sicily campaign. The generals in their jeeps are dashing around and snarling traffic, and the mobile Infantry is wearing out shoe leather, but this time they are all going places.

There is an air of excitement over this front which you can feel in the men and see in their faces as they move up. They are excited as they have not been excited since Sicily, but it is not because they are finally getting near Rome. Most of them have lost interest in getting to cities. For one thing they know that the chicken sugar starts as soon as combat troops have made a place safe for the rear echelon; they figure that two hours after they have reached Rome, half the town will be off limits and the other half will be full of MPs, waiting to slap on $20 fines for not saluting.

They are excited as men who are finally walking after four months in bed. They have been freed of the tyranny of the foxhole and of the deadliness of long inactivity.

The men who took the town of Cisterna are typical. They refer to the present offensive as "the biggest jail break in history." It certainly started like that. When H hour came, they erupted like a volcano, with Cisterna their objective.

This was the strongest fortified point on the beachhead, which was why it was given to these men. Most of them are veterans of Sicily and of the push up from Salerno, and they know their jobs.

There was also another reason why they gave Cisterna to these men. This was the town that two battalions of Rangers had failed to take on the initial landing, when they were expecting reinforcements to support them; the reinforcements couldn't break the German line and only 25 Rangers returned from those two battalions. Those reinforcements were the men who took Cisterna this time.

They had been waiting four months and they wasted no time. When the moment came, they fought their way bloodily across the field where the Rangers had died and they killed Germans who were still using Ranger equipment. They enveloped the town and infiltrated it and set to work professionally, wiping out snipers and strong points. They worked boldly and very well because they had learned this business in many towns on the way up and because this time they had something personal to fight for.

There was only one spot that gave them any real trouble: in the center of town stood an old castle and in the doorway of this castle was a German antitank gun. The gun was too tough to take with riflemen alone, so the battalion commander ordered up one of his supporting tanks and a light machine-gun squad.

The leader of this squad was Sgt. Michael Fanelli of Camden, N. J., and his men were Sgt. Simon Shelton of Johnson City, Tenn.; Pfc. Edgar Childers of Dublin, Va., and Pfc. Jack Lee of Sapulpa, Okla. They took up their positions across from the castle and opened up on it. The gunner of the tank was a GI named Fitch and he also cooperated.

After a reasonable delay for zeroing in, the combined forces put the antitank gun out of business. Then T/Sgt. Earl Swanson of Minneapolis, Minn., took his platoon on a tour of the castle and emerged in a little while with some 200 German prisoners, including a regimental commander with the exalted rank of lieutenant colonel. This was the end of all the resistance in Cisterna.

It was a good haul, all things considered, and the men felt pretty good. They finished work late in the afternoon and sent back the prisoners to PW cages and took time out to look around. They had thought they would move right out but the town had been taken in less time than expected so the regimental commander gave

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Captured at San Maria Infante in the current Italy offensive, a German prisoner is led past an M4 tank to a detention area.

them a break and let them sleep in town that night. When they heard that, the men began looking around and some dug out old mattresses from the ruins. Others found bicycles and before long the town was full of GIs taking bike rides.

This was a strange sight in a town where nothing human was left. It had been so completely destroyed that it had changed qualitatively; it was no longer the familiar town in ruins but a new kind of town, different and surrealistic. There were curious mounds where houses had been and separate walls that looked like monuments and odd twisted bundles of clothes lying all around. It might have been a town on the moon.

But the GIs kept on riding their bicycles stubbornly while the light grew dimmer and dimmer as the sun went down; and finally night came, and all you could see were artillery flashes lighting up the sky in the distance.

In the morning, the men moved out again, up the road toward Rome. They bypassed one town that had been taken by a sister regiment and moved along the good dirt road to take another town for themselves. The road was littered with the evidence of German flight, reminding the troops of Sicily.

That name was on everyone's tongue. Not since Sicily had they moved with such evident purpose and finality. Not since Sicily had the sun been hot and the sea near and the Germans on the run.

By noon the men were within two miles of their next objective and their reconnaissance reported that it was undefended. They took a break in the grass by the side of the road to eat some K rations. Then they started up again. They had slept the night before and were feeling good. Some of them even picked flowers and stuck them in their helmets, a sight which hadn't been seen in a long time. They didn't sing because they had no songs which expressed what they felt, but they talked a great deal. They moved easily, taking no more steps than they had to. Most of them were carrying only a weapon and some ammunition and a field jacket stuck through their belt.

By this time the division reconnaissance had also been in the town and reported that it was all clear. The road was getting choked with the traffic crawling toward the town. There were jeeps stringing wire and pulling trailers filled with equipment. There were jeeps filled with civilian correspondents, ready to dash into the town and then to dash back to their typewriters and give the news to the world. Tanks moved up, heavy and slow, drowning all other sounds and throwing up a fine dust in men's faces.

There was no resistance inside the town and they moved through quickly. There were not even natives in the town; only a few starved cats. This place was not as wrecked as Cisterna, but it was wrecked enough. As they walked through, one of the men said he was glad this hadn't happened to Gridley, Calif. Another man said maybe it would wake up the people back home if it did happen. And that started an argument all up and down the line.

Now the road went up and the men could see around them. On one flank was a range of hills but on the other side was a great plain, stretching to the sea. It was too hazy to see much but there was another town on a hill about five miles away and they could see it coming under the fire of our artillery. They could see shells bursting in the town and toy tanks advancing toward the town across the plain. Far away they could see flashes of more artillery—first a flash, then a second later a faint boom.

All this made them feel good. They knew they were moving themselves but it was good to know that the rest of the army was moving with them. There were also planes over them constantly but by this time they were more or less used to this protection and they took it for granted. There was not much they did take for granted, but air protection had become one of those things.

So they moved forward as satisfied as they would ever be until they went home. They were part of the biggest and most severe offensive the Allies had launched in Italy. They were the culmination of months of planning and exercises in logistics and operations. They were expensive and expendable, and for all this they didn't give a damn. All they cared about was that they were moving again.

Death of an Italian City

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY IN ITALY—Allied troops completing the occupation of Cassino found only rubble and wreckage where once had been a city.

It would be hard to write a more pointed epitaph than the statement issued by the Allied Military Government when the city fell: "No civil affairs officer will be appointed for Cassino because there is nothing left to administer."

—Cpl. SALVATORE CANNIZZO, YANK Staff Correspondent

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SAVED FROM THE SEA AFTER THEIR PLANES CRASHED DURING THE ATTACK ON TRUK, THESE [illegible] AIR CREWMEN STROLL ON THE GROUNDS OF HONOLULU'S ROYAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL, A NAVY REST CENTER. L. TO R.: GILL, HILL, LENAHAN, THOMPSON, GEM[illegible]LL, GENDRON, TABRUM, GRUEBEL, LIVINGSTON, HRANEK, BENTLEY.

Rescue at Truk

By Sgt. LARRY McMANUS
YANK Staff Correspondent

PEARL HARBOR—A submarine, many people believe, is a sleek, stealthy craft devoted to the science of destruction and manned by pallid sailors who consider a mission successful only when thousands of tons of enemy shipping have been sent to the bottom of the sea.

If that is true, then the *U.S.S. Tang's* mission in the two-day attack on Truk was a failure. For on that trip, the sub sank only two objects—Navy scout planes, venerable OS2U Kingfishers which were set afire by the *Tang's* deck guns.

It was in the first raid on the first day of the Truk attack that a Jap shell blew a four-foot hole in the port wing of the TBF (Grumman Avenger) piloted by Lt. (jg) Scott Scammell II of Yardley, Pa. Scammell continued his run and dropped his bomb on the atoll before banking steeply for a crash landing in the ocean. A fire kindled by the shell near the wing tank changed his plans, and to prevent an explosion that probably would have killed him and his crew, he ditched the plane in the lagoon two miles south of Dublon Island, principal Jap base of the atoll.

"The indicator read 200 knots when we hit the water," said Harry B. Gemmell ARM2c of Philadelphia, Pa., the radioman, "and we usually land at about 80. Somehow nobody was hurt. We just climbed into the raft and took a look around. We saw Dublon a short distance away and started paddling like hell."

Scammell, Gemmell and Joseph D. Gendron AMM2c of Oakland, R. I., the turret gunner, wanted to raise the sail but they were afraid the Japs would spot them if they did.

"The sail is yellow on one side and blue on the other," said Gendron. "It's okay when you're sailing away from the Japs; you can face the blue side toward them. But what can you do when you're right in the middle of the Japs?"

The three airmen solved that problem, after a fashion, by folding the sail to hide its yellow side. This left a ridiculously small surface but enough to help somewhat as they paddled toward the sea.

Two more strikes hit Dublon while the raft was in the lagoon, and Jap planes fled into the clouds as American flyers blasted the navy yard there. Between raids the men in the raft watched the Japs come out from their cover, make ferocious passes at the empty air and then go into hiding again as the Americans returned.

"We'd see a flight of planes overhead," Gemmell said, "and we'd make believe they were F6Fs (Grumman Hellcats) coming to protect us. Then those damned meatballs would show up on each wing." When that happened, the men tried to cover the bright yellow raft with their bodies and with the blue side of the sail.

At noon, four hours after their crash inside the Truk reef, the three men steered their raft into the open sea between the islands forming South Pass. Joe Gendron, the only one aboard who wasn't seasick, bailed out the raft until the *Tang*—directed by fighter planes circling above—pulled alongside four miles southeast of Ollan Island. The three men were hauled aboard the sub. Lt. Comdr. Richard H. O'Kane of San Raphael, Calif., commanding the *Tang*, told them to bring the raft aboard, too. "For my kid," he said.

Some time later another flyer was reported down off Kuop Island, 30 miles to the east. To save time, Comdr. O'Kane decided to keep the *Tang* on the surface for a full power run. This meant that the sub had to pass close to Ollan Island. The commander figured the Japs might open fire, so he ordered his men to fire first to keep the Japs busy. A tall, red-haired subman named James M. (Gunner) White GM1c of Springfield, La., was the first man to shell Truk. By the time the Japs recovered and opened fire, the sub was 1,000 yards out of range. After searching vainly for the flyer until dark, the *Tang* pulled out for the night.

EARLY the next morning the *Tang* spotted a Jap sub escaping from Truk through the South Pass. The *Tang* dived, made an approach and came up for a quick periscope search, but the enemy sub had dived, too, because American planes were overhead. All the way back to Pearl, the *Tang's* crew blamed the flyers for driving away its quarry just when the American sub was closing in for the kill.

After the Jap sub had escaped, the *Tang* dived again and cleared away from the area for an hour at good speed. Then she surfaced and found American fighter planes overhead. The *Tang* followed them toward Ollan Island, expecting to find the pilot sought the night before.

Instead Comdr. O'Kane's men found one of the Kingfisher planes, piloted by Lt. (jg) John A. Burns of Wynnewood, Pa., with Aubrey J. Gill ARM2c of Compton, Calif., as his radioman. Crowded aboard the plane were Lt. (jg) Bert F. Kanze of Freehold, N. J.; Lt. John J. Dowdle Jr. of Wilmette, Ill., and Robert E. Hill ARM2c of Houston, Tex.

Lt. Kanze had been piloting his F6F over Fefan Island around noon of the first day of the Truk strike when his plane was hit by antiaircraft fire. He was forced down into the lagoon, climbed into his raft and put up the sail.

"But I yanked it down in a hurry," said Kanze, "when ack-ack tried to blast me. I camouflaged the raft and myself with sail and drifted till dark, when I set sail again. I wasn't thinking about being rescued; I was scared stiff I would wash up on the Jap shores."

The wind carried Kanze away from Fefan Island, and once out of range he set sail again. Finding that he was drifting toward Ollan, he rigged up a sea anchor to slow the raft. Then, by paddling and sailing all night, he managed to cross the reef of the lagoon at high tide, the only time it was possible to do so. At daybreak he was two miles out.

Soon after, Lt. Burns and Lt. Dowdle, who was flying the second Kingfisher plane, spotted Kanze. While Burns patrolled above, Dowdle went down to make the rescue. His Kingfisher landed in the heavy seas, bobbed dangerously and finally overturned as a gust of wind caught under one wing. Dowdle and Hill, his radioman, were tossed in the water alongside Kanze.

Then Burns landed in waves five feet high and the men climbed on the wings of his plane. Fifteen minutes later he taxied up to the *Tang*, put the three flyers aboard and took off again with

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Gill, his radioman, to resume the patrol. Dowdle's overturned plane was sunk by the sub's guns.

MEANWHILE the *Tang's* crew had seen a TBF crash near Ollan and throw up a column of thick smoke. Following Lt. Burns' plane, the *Tang* cruised toward the island and hove to 4,000 yards offshore, giving Gunner White a chance to throw some more shells at Ollan. Comdr. O'Kane also called for planes as support and they blasted the island's gun emplacements while the sub sped on to pick up the pilot of the crashed TBF, Comdr. Alfred R. Matter of Butte, Mont., and his two crewmen. Matter, who was also air-group commander, said that his plane had been hit as it made an approach to the target, Param Island, 25 minutes earlier.

"I was taking pictures through the bomb-bay windows when I felt a thud," said James J. Lenahan ARM2c of Westfield, N. J. "When that shell hit our engine," added H. A. (Tommy) Thompson AOM2c of San Bernardino, Calif., turret gunner, "the oil covered my turret and I thought, 'What a pot-poor way to die.' "

After landing in the water, Comdr. Matter and Thompson had worked for several minutes to inflate the raft while Lenahan rested, one arm thrown over the fuselage just forward of the fin. He was holding the emergency rations and chute pack in one hand. When the plane plunged toward the bottom, 250 fathoms below, Lenahan was momentarily dragged down with it. "What did I do?" he asked when questioned later. "I dropped the rations, of course."

Matter and his crew were hardly aboard the *Tang* when Lt. Burns radioed Comdr. O'Kane that three more rafts had been sighted east of Truk. The sub started after them but was still 15 miles away when F6Fs reported sighting two other men down between Truk and Kuop. Since this was nearer, the *Tang* followed and picked up Lt. Harry E. Hill of Virginia, Minn., and Lt. (jg) James G. Cole of Killeen, Tex.

Hill had been in his raft overnight, while Cole had been in the water less than an hour. Cole, however, had been supported only by a Mae West and was ill from sea water he had swallowed. To pick up Cole was a ticklish job. Lt. Comdr. Murray B. Freeze, navigator of the *Tang*, stood in the tower watching the reefs as the sub came in slowly within 400 yards of the surf.

IN the meantime Lt. Burns, worried by the delay in the *Tang's* arrival, had landed his Kingfisher again to continue his private taxi service for stranded airmen. The first man he picked up this time was Lt. (jg) Robert T. Barbor of Rockville Center, N. Y., pilot of an F6F. Then, at 1415, with Barbor on his wing, Burns taxied up to a raft bearing three more men.

The wind, still strong, caught Burns' plane as it had caught Dowdle's and plunged the lee wing into the water for half its length, but radioman Gill somehow scrambled out to the tip of the high wing and brought the plane back to an even keel. As he did so, a wing float punctured the life raft and it shortly disappeared, carrying along the meager supplies its three occupants had salvaged from their TBF. The airmen—Lt. Robert S. Nelson of Great Falls, Mont., a section leader; Robert W. Gruebel AMM1c of Memphis, Tenn., his gunner, and J. L. Livingston ARM1c of Lander, Wyo., his radioman—climbed on the Kingfisher's wings, where Barbor was already perched.

Then Burns taxied the plane toward another raft a half-mile farther out to sea. He found Ens. Carroll L. Farrell of Ada, Okla.; Joseph Hranek ARM2c of Philadelphia, Pa., and Owen F. Tabrum AMM2c of Portland, Oreg., whose plane had been next to Lt. Nelson's when Nelson's was downed during a formation approach to Dublon.

Ens. Farrell's plane and another from the formation had circled Nelson's life raft until fighter cover was available and then asked for permission to go in and dump their loads on Dublon.

"There was a jar," said radioman Hranek, "just before we dropped our bomb. We pulled out around 3,000. It was too high for good strafing but I couldn't resist all those targets so I gave them a few rounds as we left.

"The engine was windmilling—no power—and we set down about a half-mile seaward of Nelson's crew. It was a beautiful landing. I've landed with more force on carriers now and then. We had plenty of time. Mr. Farrell and Tabrum inflated the raft on the wing and stepped into it, barely getting their feet wet. I had to climb out the bomb-bay hatch into the water."

Burns took the men from Hranek's raft aboard, and spaced his passengers three on each wing and one on the ledge of the cockpit beside him. Everyone on the plane is still awed at the way Burns taxied his overloaded Kingfisher toward the *Tang*, which was coming to meet them.

The cross wind was severe and the plane took a terrible beating, but Lt. Burns radioed the sub that he had plenty of gas and was doing all right. After taxiing more than two hours with the seven-man overload, the Kingfisher met the *Tang* at 1730 hours.

The pounding waves had sprung the rivets in the float, and the plane had a severe angle. "If we'd had to remain in the water much longer—" Lt. Burns said later, not finishing the sentence. So Burns and his radioman Gill went aboard the *Tang* with the men they had rescued. "We sent Burns and Gill below so they couldn't see," said Comdr. O'Kane, "and then we sank their plane with gunfire." In its last 7½ hours of existence, the Kingfisher had saved 10 men.

THE *Tang's* final rescue took place just at dusk. Lt. Burns had heard earlier that an SBD (Douglas Dauntless) had been downed by ack-ack from Eten Island and had landed in the ocean 500 yards from Ollan Island, the *Tang's* familiar hunting ground. Burns had passed up this crew for the larger group.

But now the sub sped to the scene, arriving just as Lt. Donald Kirkpatrick Jr. of Evanston, Ill., and Richard L. Bentley AOM2c of Los Angeles, Calif., fired their last Very flare. Kirkpatrick had been shot down once before and was once pictured by *Life* magazine as the "typical dive-bomber pilot." Bentley enlisted in the Navy on May 8, 1942, his seventeenth birthday.

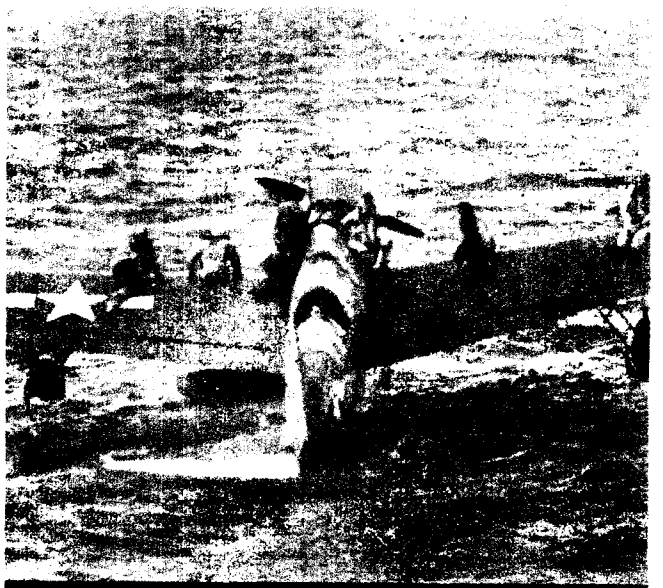
The two had rowed desperately against the wind, which was forcing them toward Ollan's shores. "Then, when the wind died down," Bentley said, "we figured to stick around for a while and if we weren't picked up we'd try to sail to New Guinea. We had our parachute for a sail, and even if that was too far for us to make, it would have been a lot better than sitting around waiting to die."

After rescuing Kirkpatrick and Bentley, the *Tang* headed for sea and a 16-day patrol assignment. Comdr. O'Kane put the flyers to work standing watches so there would be enough bunks to go around. Even so, it was crowded.

"They can have it. I'll stick to planes," said Gruebel, who has a Jap plane to his credit. "If the Navy did away with the air arm, I'd go into subs, but not before."

"If you like the air so much," drawled Gunner White, "why don't you stay in it? Then, on our next run, we might have time to get us some Japs—instead of sailing around to fish you flyers out of the water."

SOME OF THESE TRUK ATTACKERS WERE SHOT DOWN.



PERCHED ON RESCUER'S WINGS, 7 FLYERS TAXI TO SUB.

CREWMEN FROM SUBMARINE *TANG* HELP ONE FLYER ABOARD FROM HIS RUBBER RAFT WHILE ANOTHER WAITS.

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Beer night at Duffie's Tavern ends with a jam session. That's Cpl. Chick Chickett riffing a chorus on the keys.

Duffie's: Where Iran's Elite Meet

By Sgt. JAMES P. O'NEILL
YANK Staff Correspondent

NORTHERN IRAN—To most GIs, ration day is just the day when the mess sergeant gathers up another 10-day supply of luncheon meat, spinach, carrots 'n' peas and sundry other unpalatable items which he and the QM laughingly call food. But to dogfaces in a camp here, ration day has a much more pleasant meaning: it's beer time at "Duffie's Tavern."

Sgt. Francis H. McDuffie of Seneca Falls, N. Y., was running a PX when beer hit Iran after a long dry spell. One night a few weeks later, he noticed four dogfaces sitting outside one of the PX windows and drinking their beer. It was windy; the air was so thick with the dust of Iran that Mac could hardly see their faces.

"What are you doing, drinking that beer out there?" he asked the GIs. "Why don't you guys swill it in your barracks where it's comfortable?"

"We're not looking for comfort," one of the boys answered. "We're looking for a place to have a beer bull session. How can you enjoy your beer with half the barracks snoring and the other half yelling at you to keep quiet?"

That reminded Mac of a lonely night in Albany seven years before, and he invited the GIs inside and took them to the dinky storeroom next to the PX. Turning on the light, he put four big cartons on their ends. "Have your bull session in here," he said, "but don't let any of this PX stuff fall into your pockets. There's an AR against it."

What McDuffie had remembered was the night he went into the bar at Menand's Bowling Alley in Albany seven years before and had a beer. Mac was new in Albany then—he'd just started working for Western Union—and he was very lonely. The bartender, a wise old man, spotted the loneliness in the small-town kid before the beer was half finished. He treated Mac to the next round and introduced him to some of the steady customers. Before the night was over, the lad from Seneca Falls was feeling right at home.

In a way, what Mac did in Iran was in repayment for what the bartender had done in Albany. By the next ration night, Mac had moved all the PX supplies out of the storeroom and piled them behind the PX counter. And then he dug up a piano somewhere and found a sergeant named Al Delong, who used to play in the clubs around Los Angeles, Calif.

When the four GI lovers of beer and small talk made their appearance, Mac ushered them into the storeroom. Delong started rambling on the piano, and in a half hour the room was filled with smoke, beer, conversation and GIs. One of the boys who worked in the PX with Mac tacked up a sign over the storeroom doorway: "DUFFIE'S TAVERN."

After a few more ration nights, you could scarcely recognize the place. Delong brought along a few hep artists from the Special Service band and the Tavern really began to jump. Cpl. Billy MacIntyre, professional comic from Washington, D. C., came over to tell a few jokes, and before he was through, he had organized a few amateur talent acts and put on a floor show. There wasn't room to hold all the GIs who crowded the Tavern after that. McDuffie's boss, 1st Lt. F. J. Riel, had to have the place enlarged three times; it takes up two-thirds of the PX building now, and there are three assistant bartenders.

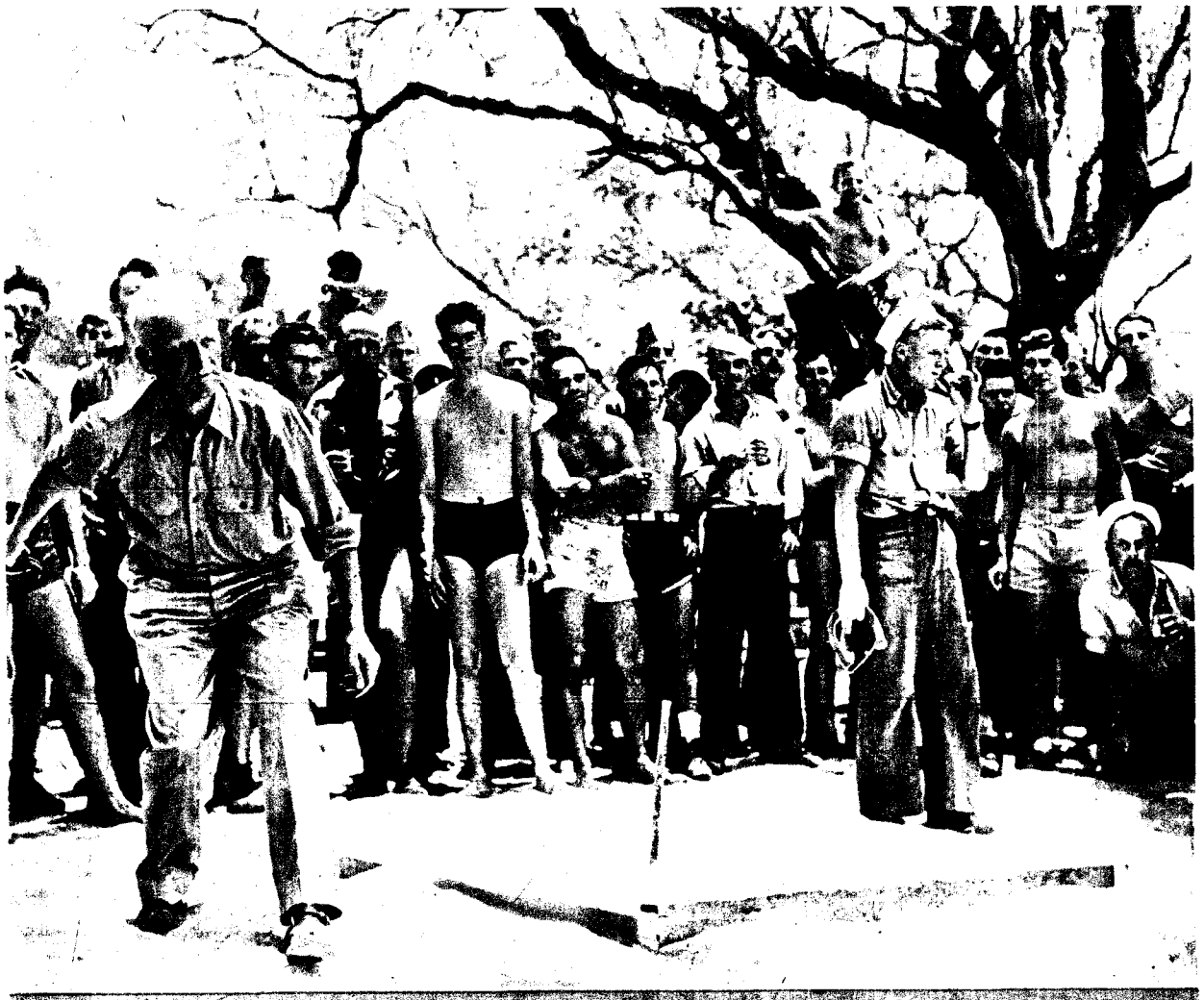
AS MUCH as Iranian fixtures and the Army will allow, Duffie's Tavern resembles a saloon. There are plenty of chairs and tables, a bandstand and a long bar that stretches from one end of the tavern to the other. Scattered around the walls you'll see some signs put up by one of Mac's friends: "DON'T TRY TO CON ME; I'VE BEEN CONNED BY EXPERTS. 8 CANS PER RATION." "NO WOMEN ALLOWED BUT WE CAN'T STOP YOU FROM DREAMING." "DON'T THROW BEER CANS. THIS AIN'T A BALL PARK."

McDuffie himself is more than a PX manager; he is a cross between Mr. Anthony and King Solomon, the friend of every GI in camp, and better informed about what's going on than G-2.

MacIntyre, now "first assistant in charge of entertainment," dishes up a different floor show every ration night. Generally he leads a community sing and invites ambitious members of the audience up to do their stuff, too. One night a truck driver from a GI convoy came up and said he was a magician. He made cigarette lighters, coins and handkerchiefs disappear. Then he asked McDuffie for a 100-rial note, which the proprietor quickly produced. The truck driver said he'd make it disappear as soon as he came back from the latrine. Mac is still waiting for the magician to return.

Every ration night the GIs begin festivities with a song dreamed up by Bob Lewis, one of the boys in the band. It's sung to what is roughly the tune of "There Is a Tavern in the Town." The chorus goes this way:

Fare thee well, for I must leave thee
To go drink my cheery beery,
Watch the foam and think of home the way
things used to be.
Adieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu (yes adieu)
Where is a better place to have a brew?
It is clean and neat, a perfect place to meet,
You leave no tips, just smack your lips,
And no one's blue.



IN THERE PITCHING. At a Pacific picnic, Adm. Chester Nimitz, commander of the Pacific Fleet, tosses a horseshoe while his opponent, Earl Lavender SM1c, takes a confident drag on a butt. The admiral's team won.

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Pfc. Lew Ayres pauses for a drink in New Guinea.

Patches That Wriggle

BERMUDA—"If you don't think things can be tough in Bermuda," says Sgt. Floyd Nute of Portland, Maine, "take a look at conditions at an outpost where I was stationed.

"Once when the supply sergeant ran out of gun patches, we had to resort to colonies of insects that overran our post to do the job of cleaning our rifles.

"First we would run one of Bermuda's famous eight-inch centipedes through the barrel to loosen the rust. We followed him with two worms soaked in oil. Then we finished the job by directing a pair of nice dry caterpillars through the long tunnel to polish up our lands and grooves."

"I guess things are tough all over," Sgt. Nute added.

—Cpl. WILLIAM PENE DU BOIS
YANK Field Correspondent

Service Flag

SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC — When *Calamity Jane*, the famous Flying Fortress, landed at this island outpost not so long ago, she was flying outside the co-pilot's window a small red, white and blue flag, with a single star in the center.

The officer of the day spotted the flag immediately and sent a frantic call for the colonel to come and meet the visiting brigadier general. The OD hadn't heard anything about a BG being scheduled, but that flag was unmistakable.

When the crew stepped out of *Calamity Jane*, however, the highest ranking officer was Maj. Francis A. Smith of Northeast, Md., who wears the DFC for the Christmas Eve raid on Wake Island.

"Where's the general?" the OD asked.

"We haven't any general aboard," the major answered.

"Then why the flag?" demanded the OD.

"Oh, that!" said the major. "The grandmother of one of the boys works in a defense factory. That's for her."

—Sgt. THERON J. RICE
Marine Corps Correspondent

Monkey Business

FORT AMADOR, PANAMA—As Pvt. George Kline of Bellingham, Wash., scanned the Pacific entrance to the Panama Canal, his binoculars focused on a bobbing buoy. At first the sentry thought there was a child clinging to the float, but closer inspection revealed that it was a monkey.

Kline notified Pvt. Bruno Matteucci of Chicago, Ill.; Pvt. Stanley Markish of Shenandoah, Pa., and Pvt. William S. Burns of Louisville, Ky., who sped to the rescue of the seagoing simian in a crash boat. The monkey didn't want to let go of the buoy for love or peanuts, but after a minute or two, the Yanks hauled him aboard the boat.

Just how the monkey got on the buoy, nobody knows. But that isn't his native habitat. Brought to shore, the seasick animal scampered up a coconut tree and made himself at home.

—Sgt. ROBERT RYAN
YANK Staff Correspondent

Hollywood to New Guinea

WAKDE ISLAND, NETHERLANDS NEW GUINEA—It's a long way from "All Quiet on the Western Front," the anti-war film of the 1930s, to the tropical jungles and red dust of Netherlands New Guinea. But that's where Lew Ayres, star of the movie classic and a celebrated conscientious objector only two years ago, can be found today.

"I'm still a conscientious objector to war," Ayres says. He went to a camp for conchies at Wyeth, Oreg., early in 1942 but volunteered a short time later for medical service. After training as a hospital ward attendant and then becoming an instructor at Camp Barkeley, Tex., the ex-movie actor shipped overseas as a staff sergeant.

He took a bust to pfc. to become a chaplain's assistant, and that's what he's doing now in the huge tent evacuation hospital here, reasonably close to our front lines.

Ayres sports a mustache that he never had as the Dr. Kildare of the movies, and his hair is turning gray. His face is lined and yellowed from atabrine.

His job here is to talk with soldiers as they are brought to the hospital, sick or wounded, and ease their problems. "I never intend to go back to pictures," Ayres says. "I want to continue this work, God willing. It's taken war to give me understanding of men and to find myself."

The only condition under which he'd go back to Hollywood, he says, would be to make a religious picture after the world gets back to normal.

—Sgt. DICK HANLEY
YANK Staff Correspondent

H for Hair

YAKUTAT, ALASKA—Although the men at this Alaska base probably won't participate in any Allied attack on Fortress Europe this summer, a fourth of them are showing their interest in that event by growing goatees, beards and other hairy adornments.

"I'm not going to shave my chin until H Hour on D Day," says Cpl. Leo Quimby, one of the originators of the whisker-whimsy. The officers are tolerant of the vogue, but they're not participating.

It's probably just a coincidence, but the whole thing began the week that the movie, "Madame Curie," was shown at this post. So far, none of the GIs has attained the furry finery of Walter Pigeon as Dr. Curie.

—Cpl. WILLIAM CARPENTER GOOD
YANK Field Correspondent

This Week's Cover

NEAR Anzio, Italy, T-4 Granville (Shorty) Harper proves once more that the GI helmet can be used for many things. This time it turns up as a milk pail. The cow seems quite contented over the goings-on, objecting neither to Shorty's technique nor his unmilkmaid-like appearance. Shorty enjoys it, too.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover & 2—Sgt. George Aarons. 3—PA. 4—Ken Harris CPhoM, USCG. 5—U.S. Navy. 6—Upper, Pvt. Leo Choplin; lower, INP. 7—Upper, Sgt. Dick Hanley; lower, Sgt. Reg Kenny. 11—Sgt. Dave Richardson. 12 & 13—Sgt. Hanley. 18—Upper, Pfc. George Burns; lower, PRO, Fort F. E. Warren, Wyo. 19—Upper left, PRO, Herington AAF, Kans.; upper right, AAFTC, Harlingen, Tex.; right center, Acme; lower right, PRO, Camp Beale, Calif. 20—Vandamm Studio. 21—Upper right, Pfc. Burns. 23—Upper, ATC, India-China Wing; lower, Sgt. Bill Young.

One Good Turn . . .

TRINIDAD, BWI—The milk of human kindness apparently flows both ways. Pvt. Arnold Fullmer of the Fort Read postal detachment here sends regular gifts to his Salt Lake City (Utah) draft board. Sometimes he sends coconuts from the nearby jungle, sometimes native trinkets for the wives of the board members.

Pvt. Fullmer says that the gifts are a gesture of appreciation of the board's efforts in helping win the war. The other GIs say Pvt. Fullmer is heat happy.

—Sgt. IRVING CARESS
YANK Field Correspondent

LAY-OFF. In England, Pfc. Charles Moorehead turns in his mess at his hut's buffet-dinner production.

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Yugoslav Diary

By Sgt. WALTER BERNSTEIN, YANK Staff Correspondent

Tuesday

SOMEWHERE IN YUGOSLAVIA—The route into the interior is closed, so I must remain here for a while. The Yugoslav front is composed of patches rather than any sort of line. The Partisans have freed large chunks of territory and these are usually connected by narrow strips, along which couriers can be sent. A year ago the liberated territory consisted of little islands in a German sea; now the situation is being reversed. But sometimes the Germans close the corridors between the masses of liberated territory. That is the case now, and it is necessary to wait until a new route is found.

I am staying at the headquarters of the newspaper, *Free Dalmatia*, in an old stone house on the edge of an old stone village halfway up a mountain. The mountain itself is stone, or seems to be. The trees grow fugitively between the rocks and there are stones everywhere. From the village you can look across a valley to another mountain, and over the top of that you can see another and another. Beyond the first mountain are the Germans.

The paper is a hand-set, six-page weekly, distributed throughout Dalmatia (the section of Yugoslavia along the Adriatic coast) by a provincial committee of AVNOJ, the congress of the new Yugoslavia.

Since the Germans at present occupy most of Dalmatia, the paper has to be circulated secretly. It is an indication of Partisan unity and organization that there is probably less warfare incident to the weekly distribution of their several thousand papers in occupied territory than there is every day with the *Chicago Tribune*.

The paper is run by an organization of some 15 people: intellectuals, printers, stenographers, a cook, a handyman. They live, eat and work together, and most of them have seen action as fighters at one time or another. There are five women: the cook and her assistant, two girls who do stenography and technical work, and an elderly woman who works in the printing department with her son. The editorial staff is composed of an ex-lawyer, a young architect, a couple of students, an ex-professor, a white-collar worker and a poet. Their press is an ancient foot-pumped affair that used to print prayer books somewhere in Dalmatia. It can turn out only one page a day, and by now the letters are so worn that sometimes it is hard to make them out. Despite this, the staff manages to print other pamphlets when necessary, turn out a mimeographed news bulletin every other day and monitor radio news for the provincial committee, the staff of the nearby division and other interested parties.

Each morning they gather around the public address system and listen intently to the news broadcast.

The only one who speaks English on the newspaper is the lawyer, a thin, sunburned man with glasses. He speaks quite well, although bookishly. "Our paper is small," he says, "but it is much perused." His lungs are not good and he must rest every day after lunch. Before joining the staff he was military judge for Southern Dalmatia, and sometimes he talks about the trials he conducted. "We were very lenient with the traitors," he says. "Only those who pillaged with the fascists were shot." He tells of two Ustachi (Croatian fascists) who were captured by the Partisans. They had been Ustachi for only a short time and had not taken part in the usual looting and torturing, so they were freed and told to return home. "They wept when we allowed them free," the lawyer said. "Everyone wept, I also."

Wednesday

TODAY there is ice by the well where everyone washes in the morning. It is technically spring, but you would never know it here. The wind whips around the mountain and it is very cold. There is a radio news broadcast in Croatian from London every morning at 0700, and by 0630 the people have gathered around the public address system which the staff has rigged up outside the house. They come from the village and the units around the village, and they wait patiently in the cold. They are mostly fighters from the division: tough, capable men, women with grenades hanging from their belts, even little boys who act as ammunition carriers. This morning there are also two old men on donkeys and an old woman seated on the steps, sewing a patch on a pair of pants. One of the old men wears a felt hat with a red star on it. They listen intently to the news, occasionally making comments. When it is over, they drift quietly away.

The staff of *Free Dalmatia* takes its meals in the attic of the stone house, where there is a long bare table and a small stove. The food is simple and inadequate. There is usually only one dish to a meal, but the staff is used to that. Some of the food is American, since the village is close enough to the sea to receive a tiny part of the scanty supplies the Allies are sending to the Partisans. They are very grateful for what help they do get.

For breakfast there is bread and tea. The bread is hot from the oven, with a heavy, sweet-smelling wetness. The tea is eaten with a spoon, like soup. After breakfast everyone goes to his job, and I wander through the village. It is a poor little village, very old and built on a slant, with the houses jumbled together and narrow dirt paths winding crookedly about. There are a few skinny chickens scrabbling in the dirt and three lean dogs that stare with mad eyes. On the walls of all the houses are slogans: "Long Live the Army of Liberation," "Long Live Free Yugoslavia," "Long Live Marshal Tito."

Supper consists of a plateful of string beans with pieces of Vienna sausage. There is also a large can of chowchow (mixed pickles in mustard sauce). The Partisans need chowchow like they need a hole in the head, but they regard it as simply some peculiar American dish and eat it. After supper everyone sits around and sings. The songs come naturally; they are beautiful songs, simple and immediate. There is one song about their rifles, and a song about one of their national heroes killed in battle, and one addressed to Marshal Tito by the girls in which they ask "When will you send the boys home?" and Tito answers "It is not yet time, it is not yet time."

In the evening the staff also listens to the radio. There are Croatian broadcasts from London and Moscow every night and occasionally one from New York. American broadcasts seem to be the least popular, because the broadcasters do not seem to have much of an idea of what is really happening in Yugoslavia. Everyone here is very interested in America, although many of the people's ideas about the States come from the movies. They are extremely interested in the present status of gangsters and Indians. One of the students on the staff of the paper wants to know if it is true about the installment plan. The others are also interested in more basic matters, such as the attitude of our people toward the war, our political situation, our educational system and what has happened to Laurel and Hardy.

Thursday

THIS morning, right after breakfast, there was the drone of planes, and then a whole group of Liberators came over. There must have been 70 of them, heading north. They were very high, flying a beautiful, tight, precise formation, not fast but with a heavy deliberate purposefulness. Everyone in the village ran out to watch, running around and pointing up at the planes and cheering them on. That name "Liberator" really means something here.

In the afternoon one of Yugoslavia's champion soccer players came over to give the staff some material on the relation between sport and the present struggle. His name is Matosic. Big and athletic-looking, he played on the all-Yugoslav team against England before the war.

All day there has been the muffled sound of gunfire from beyond the mountain. The division is in contact with the Germans. The poet went to headquarters early in the day and everyone wonders if he has managed to get in the fight.

There was much excitement at dinner. Two friends whom the staff had thought were dead showed up. They had been in a concentration camp for three years, and finally escaped and made their way to the Partisans. One of them is a man of 27 and the other is 35, but they look much older. The younger man did most of the talking; the other was quiet and seemed almost a little punchy. He kept touching the younger man, putting his head on his shoulder as if for support. The younger man talked between mouthfuls of food. He ate delicately, almost shyly, arranging the food carefully with his fork before lifting it to his mouth, then chewing it with great thoroughness. The others opened a can of peaches especially for the two: peaches are like ammunition, and the whole room seemed to eat the fruit with the two men, slowly and with a quiet, enormous enjoyment.

The younger man talked between mouthfuls. The other one kept leaning on his shoulder as if for support.

The two of them had been put to work by the Germans in a factory at Wiener Neustadt, the big industrial center near Vienna. The younger man spoke of the conditions there, the lack of food and the great devastation caused by American bombers. But he said there were no signs of an internal crack-up, and little organized sabotage in the factories. The German plan is to fill the plants with different nationalities and keep them suspicious of each other, so that no one ever feels he can trust anyone else. The younger man had also been in the notorious Ustachi camp at Jasenovac in Croatia. This is the camp that is known for burning men alive; its record is 1,500 in one night. While he was talking, the handyman came over and sat down. He had

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Impressions of a week with a Partisan group in a small mountain town in the heart of Nazi-occupied territory.

been sent to Jasenovac but escaped. He was a Sephardic Jew from Bosnia, and he still spoke a kind of bastard Spanish. The Germans murdered his father, mother, wife and 3-year-old child.

The route is still closed.

Friday

THERE was a little snow this morning, but it melted when the sun came out. The countryside looks as though a glacier had just retreated. The mountains are thrown up in spasms and the rocks seem torn apart. The people are as hard as the country, but very impressive. They have an immense dignity; they have transformed their fight against the Germans into a struggle to build a new country, and they have a deep pride in what they are building. There seems to be a complete democracy in their army. It is not merely that the officer sits down with his men; it is that they each have an equal share in the present and the future, and they recognize this equality. There seems to be a complete understanding that each is serving according to his capacity. There is practically no one in the army who has not seen action, either at the front or in the underground. There are no soft jobs and no privileges except those that have been earned. The discipline is very high. It is not parade-ground discipline but comes from a knowledge and belief in what they are fighting for. There is also much saluting. Everyone salutes everyone else, regardless of his rank. And all the Partisans have a simple, understandable attitude toward the future: only those who have fought deserve to share in it.

There was a show of photographs at dinner; the two girls passed around pictures of themselves before the war. They became very coy at this point. The pictures were conventional poses taken at the seashore and in the park. The girls looked modern and pretty in their dresses, and very feminine. One of them is divorced; she has a three-year-old daughter whom she hasn't seen in a year and a half. The other has been married for six months to the secretary of the provincial committee. She gets to see him once in a while. She shows his picture in civilian clothes —a young, good-looking boy who looks as though he were just out of college.

The poet returned tonight. He was in the battle. Only three Partisans had been killed and 30 Germans taken prisoner. The Partisan method of dealing with prisoners is simple enough. If there is proof that they have been pillaging and torturing, they are shot. The rest are offered the opportunity of joining the Partisans. If they refuse they are put to work and held for exchange. In this batch, the poet said, there was only one who wanted to join. The rest wished to be exchanged and fight again, except three Austrians who wanted to be sent to Africa. The Partisans know who has been looting; their intelligence is very good. The intelligence of a people's army is usually good, since its forces are everywhere.

The poet is a tall young man with a mop of black hair. The others always refer to him as "our poet." He had a book of poetry published before the war and everyone says he is a good poet. The only thing they regret is that he is not much interested in world affairs. "He lives in the realm of the esthetic," the lawyer says. The poet is an old Partisan, however, having joined more than two years ago, and he has fought through several offensives.

Everyone listens closely while he tells about the battle. One of the Partisan dead is a woman fighter, who had also been in the movement for a long time. They shake their heads when the poet tells about her, and say she will be missed. They are hardened to violent death but will never be used to it. Afterward they kid the poet about his lack of interest in what has been happening in the world while he has been away. "You are only interested in poetry," the lawyer says. "I am for a free federal Yugoslavia," the poet answers. There is no argument after that.

Saturday

TALK this afternoon with the girl secretary of the Anti-Fascist Youth Congress, to be held somewhere in liberated territory later this month. The Partisans expect delegates from all the Balkan countries and even the Soviet Union. This will be their second congress; the first was held two years ago. The secretary explains that many of the delegates who were at the first congress will not be at this one; they have been killed fighting. The secretary is young and pleasantly attractive. She is small, has long brown hair and looks like one of the more intelligent co-eds at a state university. She is also something of a hero, the lawyer says. During one of the offensives she held a hill alone with a machine gun against repeated German counterattacks.

At dinner there are three Slovenian performers, who have been going from brigade to brigade, giving shows. One used to be an actor, the second a theater director and the third was director of the opera in the city of Ljublana. They all fought through the early German offensives, but now they are doing cultural work. The opera director is remaining here for a few days to mimeograph a book of Partisan songs.

For dessert tonight there was an air raid. About 30 German planes came over, looking for a village on the other side of the mountain, where there is some important stuff. They dropped flares and lit up the whole sky. Everyone came pouring out of the village to watch. There are some fighter detachments in the village and they came out on the double, fanning into position on the mountain. One of their officers is a woman and she kept yelling orders in a high firm voice. There was some ack-ack, but not much. The tracers shot into the sky like fireworks and you could hear the dull boom of the bombs as they dropped on the other side. The raid lasted about 20 minutes. Then the planes went away and the firing stopped and the flares died out slowly, returning the sky to the night.

Sunday

THE poet went across the mountain today and came back with the information that the planes had hit only a few houses and the left wing of a hospital. Only a few people were killed and no damage done to the important materiel. One of the dead was a friend of several of the staff here and they are going to her funeral today.

All day listening to the radio. There is a piano recital from Moscow, opera from Italy, a talk from Berlin on the senselessness of aerial warfare, an RAF dance band from London, and a talk from America addressed to the people of Europe. Everyone thought the American talk a little out of the world, because it seriously discussed the question of bombing Rome and the Montecassino Abbey as if there were two sides to the question. To the people who are doing the fighting, there is no debate on whether or not to bomb places where there are German soldiers.

There is much admiration and friendship for America among these people, and they still vis- [illegible] and they ask many questions. They are [illegible] that there are houses in America as poor as the one they are in now and want to know if there are beggars on the streets.

The old woman covered the mine and sat down to wait. A German scout car came along and blew up.

The poet also returned with a story that gives some indication of part of a people's war. One of the old women from a nearby village was walking along a road when she saw a Partisan mine that had been planted but insufficiently camouflaged. She covered it up herself and then sat down at a safe distance to watch. After a while a German scout car came along, passed over the mine and blew up. The old woman got up, walked back to Partisan headquarters, told them what had happened and then gave them a good bawling out for permitting such sloppy work.

Tonight the staff had the weekly political meeting. Everyone was present, including the cooks, and they all discussed world events and the present necessities of their new Yugoslav state. Afterward they sat around and sang and there was some spontaneous dancing, much like our square dances.

No news about the route being open.

Need a bath.

Monday

THE paper came out today. It contains articles about the coming Youth Congress, the Russian offensive, the air war on Germany, the decisions of AVNOJ, developments in the Partisan campaign and accounts of new German atrocities. There are also articles on what is happening politically outside of Yugoslavia.

There are reports that the Germans are increasing their terror in occupied regions, before the Red Army arrives. It is impossible for Americans to realize the extent of this calculated, subhuman slaughter. The stories make you sick when you hear them. The amount of suffering is beyond belief, and this is one reason why these people have no respect for those who ran to safety. You can only understand the people who have been under the Germans if you realize what they have suffered. That suffering has made the people of Yugoslavia, at least, bitterly definite that only those who have suffered and fought will share the victory.

At dinner there is a hot scientific discussion about when light becomes heat. There is also a discussion about modern art and an argument between the poet and the architect on the relative merits of liberal and classical education. They are all extremely well-informed and highly intelligent. They kid the printer about the fact that he was so well-paid before the war; they accuse him of having eight pairs of pajamas and feeding white bread to his dog. He protests. The lawyer quotes the Gettysburg address and the Declaration of Independence; he is very happy when I tell him I was born in the States. "Now you can be president!" he says. "Otherwise you can only be vice president." There is excitement over the report that the British have closed their eastern coast. The second front here is more than a problem in logistics.

There is much static over the radio tonight, and then suddenly there is a blast of music and the unctuous voice of a real American announcer introducing the Original Dixieland Band. Then the music comes, blatant and foolish, the corn blaring without shame. Everyone smiles politely, but it is wonderful, heavy with rhythm and nostalgia. It is a program for the troops overseas and there is the announcer again, patronizing the soldiers, talking to them man-to-man. He is on a different planet, a million miles away; he has no relation to this room, these people, this war. But the music is friendly; after a while the others like the music, humming the trite tune, tapping out the rhythm with their feet. And then it is over and there is the announcer, and the coaxed, artificial applause, and the new wartime commercial to sell you-fellows-overseas. And the studio orchestra fading softly out; and the room back to normal, the people concerned, interested, turning the dial for news; and the poster on the wall saying boldly in a flash of red: "Together in the Fight Against Fascism."

Tomorrow they think there may be a route open. The Germans have begun a new local offensive, but there is a way through the mountains.

It looks like rain.

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These tough veterans claimed they volunteered for Merrill's Marauders to get back home from the Pacific. But they found themselves instead killing more Japs in Burma and liking it.

By Sgt. DAVE RICHARDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

BEHIND JAPANESE LINES IN NORTHERN BURMA—Things were a little too quiet, even for a Sunday. After all, there should have been some fireworks by now, considering that part of the Jap 18th Division was dug in on one side of the muddy 40-foot-wide Nambyu River and our unit of Merrill's Marauders was on the other.

"Looks to me," observed a BAR man as he stripped his gun for cleaning, "like the lull before the storm. The Japs won't take this lying down." He didn't know how right he was.

The Marauders had just completed a 75-mile end run around enemy positions in the Hukawng Valley and now our unit was only 200 yards from Walawbum. We had met only small resistance from Jap patrols during our march. But surely the Japs would stand and fight us here. The native village of Walawbum was the bottleneck through which all supplies had to flow to their front-line troops, 15 miles to the north.

Across the river from us was a pretty tough bunch of Japs. We could hear their trucks pulling up, and every once in a while we could spot a few of them for a fleeting instant as we moved through the dense jungle. These were the Japs who had smashed their way into Singapore two years before and now had succeeded in slowing the Chinese drive down this valley to a measly 10-mile gain in the last month. They were fighting a stubborn delaying action from well-chosen positions, falling back from foxhole to foxhole, pillbox to pillbox.

On our side of the river were some Marauders known as the Dead End Kids. This was an appropriate nickname for this unit of Brig. Gen. Frank D. Merrill's volunteer American raiders. They had already fought the Japs in the jungles of Guadalcanal, New Guinea and New Georgia. They had joined the Marauders after President Roosevelt had issued a call to their outfits for volunteers for an "extremely hazardous" jungle-fighting mission in another theater.

"Most of us guys volunteered," one of them explained, "because we figured we might get back to the States for training first. We had all been overseas 18 to 24 months at that time and we wanted to get home. Don't get the idea that we volunteered just because we were itching to fight the Japs again."

I would have believed that statement if I hadn't heard Brig. Gen. Merrill say, a few hours earlier, that the Dead End Kids had been begging all day for permission to attack Walawbum. And if I hadn't come to know them in training camp.

The Dead End Kids wound up in India for training instead of in the States. At Christmastime they went AWOL in droves, popping up in several Indian cities to spend wads of dough that had been useless during their months in the Pacific jungles. When they returned to camp, broke but happy, they were reduced to privates. But they didn't give a damn.

They hated the GI routine of garrison life—standing formations and inspections, shooting on the ranges and going on field problems. They broke the monotony by disappearing alone into the woods and shooting deer, then bringing back the venison for a change of chow.

On training problems with other Marauder units, most of whom were proud of their preparation for combat in the jungles of Panama, Trinidad or Puerto Rico, the Dead End Kids confused and harassed their make-believe enemy with screwball tactics they had picked up while fighting the Japs. At night they would sit around their tents and bitch about "parade-ground soldiering" or reminisce about their fighting exploits.

"Combat," as one of them put it, "seems to seduce a guy. He's scared as hell while he's in it, but get him back in garrison and he'll start longing for those foxholes and shellings and bombings."

This Sunday afternoon the Dead End Kids had patrols out across the river to the north and south of Walawbum. As the patrols returned, they reported that the Japs were digging artillery and mortars into position and bringing up truckloads of men and ammunition from the south.

But the night was just as peaceful as the day had been. Next morning at 0930 hours, Sgt. Andrew B. Pung of Malden, Mass., a mortar observer, shinnied up a tree to a perch 40 feet above the river from which he could look down across a grassy clearing on the other bank.

Pung had a walkie-talkie radio with him. Soon he reported seeing some telephone wires and several emplacements at the edge of the grassy clearing. Then his routine report changed to an excited one. He forgot all about radio etiquette.

"Listen," he blurted into the microphone, "there's a bunch of Japs coming out of the jungle and into this grass across the river. A big bunch. Get ready for an attack. I'll tell you when they're near enough to open fire."

The Dead End Kids jumped into their holes all along the riverbank. Bullets were clicked into chambers and machine-gun bolts pulled back twice to cock them. Pung sent firing data to the mortars as crews ripped open shell cases. Minutes ticked by. There was a tense silence.

"GIVE it to 'em," yelled Pung from his perch. The Japs had crossed the clearing to within 35 yards of the opposite riverbank. They were now in plain sight. Machine guns, BARs, mortars and rifles opened up in a deafening deluge of fire. Shrieks and yells came back from the field. Then the Japs began returning the fire. Their 90-mm mortar shells soared over the river and burst in trees behind the Dead End Kids. Shrapnel and bullets hummed through the brush.

Up in the tree some of the lead knocked off Pung's canteen and splattered all around him. He dropped the walkie-talkie and shinnied down.

The Dead End Kids were dug in on a bluff along the riverbank, a couple of dozen feet higher than the grassy clearing on the opposite bank where the Japs were advancing in spread-out skirmisher formation. This high ground was natural cover; the Japs were firing into the bluff or high over the Marauders' heads. The Americans just lay in their holes and blasted away.

Wave after wave of Japs poured out of the jungle and into the clearing, running and diving and creeping and crawling. Many of them carried machine guns and ammunition boxes. Some, probably the officers and noncoms, yelled *"Susume! Susume!"* which means "advance." Others shrieked *"Banzai,"* the familiar battle cry.

In a few minutes Jap bodies lay sprawled on the field in little bunches. The Dead End Kids could hear the wounded crying and moaning. But the Japs kept coming—at least a company of them.

The Dead End Kids were happy. They yelled at their machine gunners and BAR men to "Mow down that bunch over there, boy!" and then shouted "Atta boy," as they concentrated their rifle fire on single targets. Pfc. George Fisher Jr. of Napoleon, Ohio, spit a gob of tobacco juice every time his M1 got a Jap.

"Those little bastards must think we're amateurs at this jungle-fighting stuff," grinned 1st Lt. Victor J. (Abie) Weingartner of St. Albans, N. Y., commanding the platoon in the center of the American positions along the riverbank. *"Banzai* charges might have terrified the civilians in Singapore, but they're nothing but good, moving target practice for us."

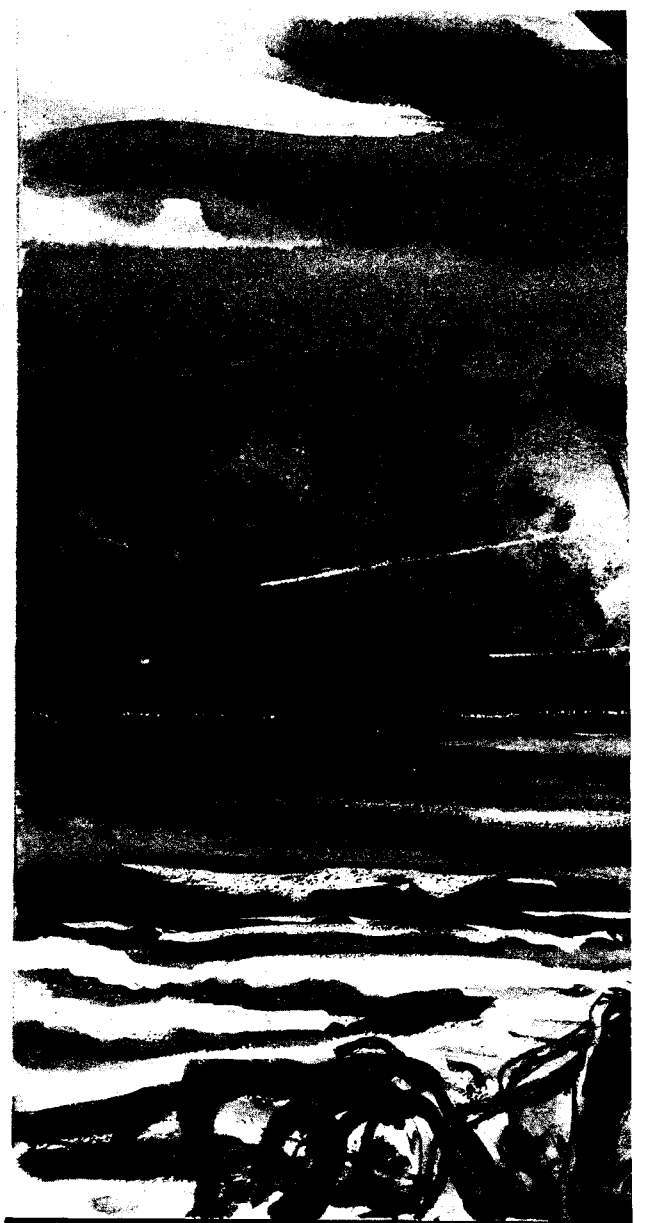
Lt. Weingartner was considered one of the most daring leaders of Dead End Kid patrols. Characteristically, he insisted on wearing into action the same dirty mechanic's cap that brought him through New Georgia unscathed; he willingly paid a $100 fine for not wearing a helmet at the last showdown inspection before the Marauders started their 200-mile march into battle.

Half an hour after the Jap attack began, it halted abruptly. But the Dead End Kids knew that the Japs would try again. Almost as soon as the attack ended, Jap artillery boomed several hundred yards back in the jungle. The shells whistled overhead and landed a half-mile behind the Americans, near a rice paddy. This field had been used in the previous two days as a landing area for Piper Cubs evacuating a few wounded, and as a dropping area for transport planes supplying the Marauders with rations and ammunition. Jap mortars threw a few shells into the American positions the rest of the morning.

In the afternoon the good news came that another unit of Marauders had thrown a road block on the main enemy supply route from Walawbum to the front. With Walawbum threatened by the Dead End Kids' position and with the supply route blocked, the stubborn Jap defenses 15 miles northward had collapsed. As the Japs streamed back to reinforce the Walawbum garrison, the Chinese began driving through to relieve the Marauders and make a large-scale attack. As a hit-and-run raider outfit, the Marauders were supposed to keep their positions only until relieved by Chinese divisions with the men and large weapons needed to do the main attacking. The Chinese were expected within 24 hours.

But a lot could happen in 24 hours. The Dead End Kids cleaned their guns, opened more ammunition and placed men every three or four feet along the riverbank. While they worked they could hear the Japs digging, driving up more trucks full of men and ammunition and wheeling in their artillery closer.

At 1645 hours the broiling Burma sun had sunk low in the sky. It glared into the faces of the Dead End Kids as they kept their eyes focused on the field across the river. The attack would have to come from the field again because the terrain was unsuitable at other places along the



The Dead End kids scrambled to their feet and cursed

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river, where the banks were too high or the jungle too dense for a field of fire. And it came. Two Jap heavy machine guns hammered away like woodpeckers from the flanks of the field. Artillery and mortar fire increased. Knee mortars started clicking out grenades at close range.

The Japs really attacked this time. They came in waves that were wider and more frequent than in the first attack. And they had better support from weapons of all kinds, placed nearer the river. In each wave were several two-man teams lugging heavy machine guns. As soon as one team was hit, another ran out and grabbed its gun, only to die within a few steps. Then another.

AGAIN the machine gunners and BAR men did most of the killing for the Marauders. They raked each wave with fire. But the Japs surged on across the field until they fell. A few of them even reached the river before they were hit, but nobody crossed. This time there was at least a battalion of Japs attacking the Dead End Kids.

And this time the Japs were more accurate with their fire. Bullets sped only a few feet over the Americans' heads. Practically every leaf and every tree was marked by the fire. Some of the stuff barely cleared the bank and did some damage. Bullets smashed two BAR magazines on the bank of the foxhole where T-5 Bernard Strasbaugh of Lewisburg, Kans., was stretched. Another bullet nicked his helmet. Strasbaugh was in the center of the attack, firing as fast as he could shove magazines into his weapon. When he spotted five Japs in a group running toward a dropped machine gun, he stood up, riddled them with fire and flopped down again. He hit the ground just soon enough to escape a burst of fire.

"All a guy has to do to get a Purple Heart here is stand up for 10 seconds," he muttered.

Pfc. Clayton E. Hall of Strawn, Tex., had a close call at his machine gun on the right flank. A knee-mortar shell burst only three yards in front of him. Then two bullets pierced the water jacket on his gun. With his machine-gun corporal, Joseph Diorio of Cleveland, Ohio, Hall managed to keep the gun going by pouring water into the jacket from every available canteen. He burned his hands on the red-hot jacket doing it, but the gun fired 4,000 rounds in 45 minutes.

Back at the Dead End Kids' CP, Maj. L. L. Lew of Baker, Oreg., the unit commander, received a message saying that the Chinese would relieve his unit around midnight. It was then 1730 hours.

The Dead End Kids were running low on ammunition. Men started shouting back and forth above the din: "Hey, you got a spare clip of M1?" From the left flank came a request for every available hand grenade. A unit there, commanded by Maj. Edwin J. Briggs of La Grande, Oreg., was being attacked by Japs who had infiltrated through the jungles from the south.

As ammunition ran out, the tension increased. Dusk turned to darkness, but the Japs still fired furiously and attacked fanatically. Their bullet-riddled bodies littered the field from the edge of the jungle to the river. The wounded screamed.

Then, as suddenly as the morning attack had ceased, the dusk battle halted. Both sides stopped firing. The silence was broken by a Dead End Kid who rose to his feet on the river bank, cupped his hands to his mouth and yelled:

"Come on, you little bastards. Come and get your lead!"

A Jap yelled back. The tension was broken. To a man, the Dead End Kids scrambled to their feet, stood along the riverbank and shouted cuss words at the Japs. From the other bank came only a few bursts of light machine-gun fire. The Japs, too, must have run out of ammunition.

Now they removed their wounded from the field in the dark. The Americans could hear the wooden sound of litters being carried through the brush and the terrifying cries of the wounded as they disappeared in the jungle.

Among the Dead End Kids, thanks to the natural protection of the high riverbank and to the dug-in emplacements, there had been only three casualties all day. But several pack mules, which carried mortars, radios and ammunition, had been wounded or killed by mortar shells.

The little remaining ammunition was doled out equally. A patrol from Maj. Briggs' outfit south of the Dead End Kids brought up some more BAR and machine-gun ammunition.

At 2000 hours T/Sgt. Jim Ballard of Spokane, Wash., chief of the unit radio section, entered the perimeter, leading a mule pack train loaded with all kinds of ammunition. He had tried to contact Brig. Gen. Merrill's CP early in the attack, but couldn't get it on the radio. So he had taken Maj. Lew's message requesting more ammunition and run back four miles to another Marauder unit, over a dark trail flanked by Jap patrols and through Jap shelling part of the way. He brought back the ammunition mule train through an even more severe shelling.

The hours dragged on and a heavy fog set in. A few Japs had sneaked across the river and were booby-trapping trails in the vicinity. Across the river the Japs seemed to be getting reinforcements and ammunition again for another attack.

Chinese troops who relieved Merrill's Marauders watch the Yanks clean their BARs at a bivouac.

the Japs. From across the river came only a few bursts of fire. The Japs, too, had run out of ammunition.

While some of the men peered through the mist at the field across the river, others dozed off in their foxholes, with their heads propped on horseshoe-type packs. The Dead End Kids weren't cocky or swaggering tonight; they were exhausted from the tension of the two attacks.

Finally the expected message came: "Withdraw at 0200 hours to join Marauder CP. Chinese are taking over your position."

The weary Dead End Kids put on their packs and moved silently Indian-file out of their perimeter with their pack mules.

A little way down the trail another column passed the Americans, going in the opposite direction. It was the Chinese.

"*Megwaw, ting hao!*" they grinned as they plodded past the Dead End Kids. They meant: "Americans are okay." A Chinese divisional commander later put it another way: "Your unit," he said, "made it possible for us to gain more ground in one week than we covered all last month."

One of the Dead End Kids, after returning the Chinese greeting, turned and said to the man behind him: "You know, I could almost kiss those guys, they look so good to me now." He wasn't the only one who felt that way.

Next morning an official report reached Merrill's Marauders that one of their units, as the first American infantrymen to fight a battle on the continent of Asia, had left 800 Japanese dead on the field near Walawbum.

Hearing this, a cocky, swaggering bunch of Americans swung along the jungle trail toward an area where they could rest for two days before going on another mission behind Jap lines. The Dead End Kids were back in their element.

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ONLY SERGEANTS WEAR STRIPES BECAUSE ONLY SERGEANTS WEAR SHIRTS. GABRIEL'S A 3-YEAR VET.

THIS IS THE SAME AS SITTING ON THE BARRACKS STEPS AT FORT BRAGG AND GRIPING ABOUT CHOW.

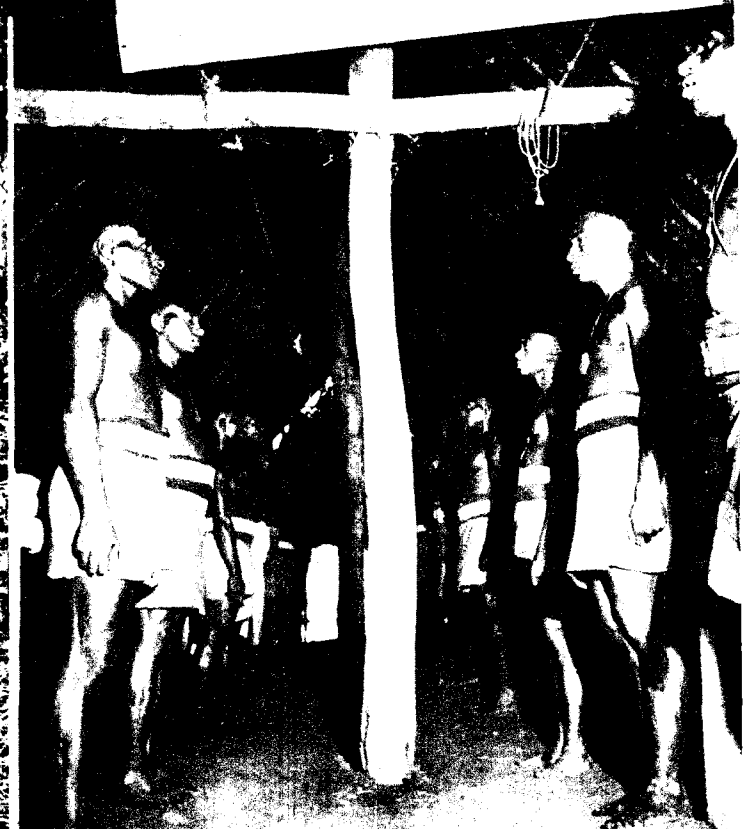
IF YOU THINK THAT THE PAPUAN ROOKIES MARCH AS WELL YEARS OF JUNGLE COMBAT, NOW BACK AT A NEW GUINEA B

ANYTHING THAT IS A TEST OF SKILL INTERESTS THE PAPUAN, SO HE LIKES TO PLAY FOOTBALL. IN CASE YOU'RE WORRIED, THEIR BARE FEET ARE NOT HURT KICKING THE BALL. THEIR FEET ARE HARDER THAN THE BALL.

Papuan Infantry

CPL. GAMARI, WITH AUSTEN SUBMACHINE GUN AND CLOSE-CROPPED HAIR, THE PIB STYLE.

THESE ARE THE LARGE, SCARRED FEET OF A PAPUAN WARRIOR, WHO CAN WALK ALL DAY AND MORE.



BARRACKS INSPECTION: CLOTH THE MEN WEAR IS CALLED A *RAMI* OR *LAP-LAP*. ONE THING THEY'RE NOT CONCERNED ABOUT IS A SHOESHINE

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U'RE WRONG. THESE MEN ARE VETERANS OF TWO
ST AND REORGANIZATION.

MANY able and colorful combat outfits have fought in the New Guinea campaign. Not the least of these, on both counts, is the PIB—Papuan Infantry Battalion, photographed for these pages by YANK's Sgt. Dick Hanley. Its members, part of the Australian Army, are particularly expert at night fighting and operating behind Japanese lines. They are recruited from villages all over the islands and start with a wage of 10 shillings or $1.60 a month. They can get as high as sergeant, where the top pay is $16 a month. One good job in the PIB is in the supply room. Hats, shoes and socks needn't be stocked. And only sergeants wear shirts.

IT'S HELP YOURSELF ON THIS CHOW LINE. NATIVES EAT LOTS OF VEGETABLES, RICE AND BULLY BEEF.

This is Pvt. Misirai, presenting arms with a British Lee-Enfield rifle. Pvt. Misirai fled from a Jap labor force at Buna into which he had been "recruited" from his village.

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MAIL CALL

Sgt. Kelly's Mortar "Grenades"

Dear YANK:

In an April issue, mention was made of T/Sgt. Charles Edward Kelly in Italy, who is said to have used 60-mm mortar shells as grenades by pounding them against a hard surface to "arm" them. We have tried just such an experiment in our mortar section with 60-mm shells and believe this feat impossible. We'll remain skeptics until someone can give us definite proof or give us a demonstration. We just don't believe it.

—Mortar Section
Hawaii — Company E

■ YANK has been barraged by letters from GIs and Marines who insist that Sgt. Kelly could not possibly have knocked off any Nazis by using 60-mm mortar shells as hand grenades. He could and did. On April 24 the Algiers edition of *Stars and Stripes* described how Lt. Salvatore Uzzo of Chicago, Ill., demonstrated before high-ranking officers of the 36th Division exactly how Sgt. Kelly did it. First removing the outer safety locks, Lt. Uzzo banged the fin end of a mortar shell on a solid concrete wall. The interrupter pin shot to one side when the set-back pin holding it in place was released by the down jar. Then he dropped the shell on its nose (it had been neutralized for the demonstration) and it exploded. Other shells required several sharp raps before the interrupter pin came loose. *Stars and Stripes* points out, incidentally, that Sgt. Kelly probably never threw the shells like footballs, despite stories to that effect. When thrown with a forward-pass motion, only a few shells landed on their noses and exploded. Sgt. Kelly was tossing them out of a third-floor window and most of them dropped straight down on their noses.

Thinking Soldiers

Dear YANK:

I notice a refreshing note winning its way into that page given over to *Mail Call* that gives a guy hope and a sense of confidence for the future. That trumpet call, which has a particularly pleasing and timely sound to my ears, is the ever-recurrent social consciousness that imbues its contributors to not only write what is on their mind but to actually contribute something significant toward the solution of the world's ills. In a measured sense, the sum total of these offerings adds up to one thing. It is this: That there are soldiers in the U. S. Army who demonstrate a strong sense in what they believe is right and what they justifiably merit deserving of a gripe. In a tangible sense. I say this is good for the soul. It is good for the soul because it stands to reason that a soldier instilled with a sense of devotion towards justice needs a healthy outlet. It seems to me that he, inspired with a burning conviction in behalf of the way of life we are defending, perpetuates a tradition that is a hell of a lot more American than apple pie. . . . There is plenty for an American soldier to raise his voice against! His voice against the dehumanizing forces of slavery, pure and simple! And his voice, lusty and loud, in vigorous support of those institutions we are engaged in fighting to maintain to the bitter end!

Newfoundland — Pfc. JACK M. HELLER

Dear YANK:

. . . The majority of soldiers all over the world are to a great degree most ignorant of why they wear the uniform or what will happen when they discard the uniform. Where I am, the main trend of thought is "When are we going home?" The war isn't over by a long shot so why are they so eager to go home? The answer is, they do not know why they are soldiers. They do not know why the war started, nor have they any concrete ideas of a post-war world. What is worst of all, they care very little about anything except their own miserable selves. . . .

Iran — Sgt. IRVING COHEN

Cafe Society

Dear YANK:

Speaking for the average GI. . . . I would like to know why practically every cafe fit to patronize in Cairo, Egypt, is out of bounds to American enlisted men, and why patriotic and decent Americans are turned away from these places like outcasts.

This is an unhealthy condition which definitely lowers the morale which the Special Service is spending so much money to maintain. Our enlisted men who, after all, are the backbone of our Army, are certainly unaccustomed to such an undemocratic and intolerant state of affairs. If these places were legitimate officers' clubs there would be no complaint, but they are places of business in a city, and officers and civilians are never turned away.

The average soldier doesn't know just who is to blame for this sad state of affairs and perhaps unwittingly places the blame on the wrong person or persons, so in all fairness to the innocent parties, whether it be our Allies or officers or anyone else, I believe that you should publish the official reason for and the source of these rulings.

Egypt — Pvt. DAVID W. WALLACE

■ We know of no official reason.

REQUIRED Reading

Dear YANK:

How are the chances of obtaining about 40 copies of your article "Why Old Soldiers Never Die?" I have recommended that all the men in the platoon read the article, but would appreciate a copy for each man.

Newfoundland — 1st Lt. SAMUEL S. STARR

Bunny Burial

DEAR YANK:

Our company's mascot, "Bugs of the Bunny House," was a tiny, wild rabbit we captured while on airborne maneuvers in the North Carolina area. Bugs had been our mascot for two months and had two jumps to his credit. Because of his size we were unable to drop him by parachute, so his jumps were made via a paratrooper's suit pocket. He was carried on several problems and was a source of constant entertainment.

On the Saturday after his second jump Bugs went up with a paratrooper we called Snuffy. Inside the plane he proved to be a help to all as he kept us laughing by doing everything but running out the plane door. The order was given to hook up, so Bugs was placed in his "private compartment" for the jump. The green light flashed on and 14 men and a small rabbit left the plane. As the chutes billowed out Snuffy felt to see if Bugs was intact, and all went well until they reached 200 feet, at which time Snuffy's chute began to sway. He landed on his right side and his first thought was of Bugs. He took Bugs from his pocket and found that Bugs had been crushed by the fall. He had made his last jump.

It was with deep regret that we buried Bugs on Sunday with a full military ceremony. As taps was played and a volley of shots was fired over his grave, Bugs was laid to rest in his grave beside our barracks. This picture was taken as I pronounced the benediction. Bugs was buried with his parachute wings. He earned them as much as we earned ours. . . .

POE — Sgt. ROBERT WATERMAN

Forbidden Fruit

Dear YANK:

One of the most shameful aspects of society in the United States is the brutal, terroristic oppression of the Negro population in our southern states. Correction of this situation will only come, of course, with fundamental changes in our social system. However, education in the broad sense is an indispensable weapon in the fight against this cruel system.

A recently published novel, "Strange Fruit," by Lillian Smith, a southern woman, is a most valuable contribution to public education toward an understanding of the southern social system. In addition to being a high literary achievement, this book lays bare with precise analysis the causes and motives of "white supremacy" and its effects on both the Negroes and Whites.

Now I see the U. S. Post Office Department has banned advertising and distribution of "Strange Fruit" through the mails. [The ban was lifted soon after, but publishers were warned that they would be selling, mailing and advertising the book at the risk of possible prosecution in the future—*Ed.*] The reactionary, fascist-tending elements are indeed strong in our government. A few months ago they stopped distribution of the educational pamphlet, "Races of Mankind," which refutes racist theories. Those who oppose "Strange Fruit" will talk about morality and obscenity. Hypocrites! The tons and tons of brazenly obscene and pornographic literature that flood our newsstands each week doesn't bother them. Their "morality" is aroused only when their cherished privilege to force the Negro people to work for practically nothing is attacked.

Our government announces that it must control education in defeated Germany and Italy to insure democracy. What is the difference between Hitler's book burning and these acts of our own government?

Greensboro, N. C. — Sgt. RUSSELL F. RYAN

Maravilhoso

Dear YANK:

It wasn't a movie or a soldier's dream. It happened. In Fortaleza, Brazil. A chief warrant officer was in charge of quarters. Another CWO was an MP at the gate leading to camp. The sergeant of the guard was a lieutenant, and the dispatcher at the motor pool was a first louey. A captain took over town patrol and a first louey was in charge of the security patrol. So it went until almost all the MPs on duty that night and a few other EM were relieved from duty to attend an EM dance which was held at the officers' club on the base.

It was a gala night for the enlisted men of Adjacento Field, with beer and eats and South American senoritas, everything gratis and no officers allowed. There was an orchestra and dancing and laughs at the thought of those commissioned characters pulling duty. Even the chronic complainers were silent and appreciative.

Brazil — Cpl. JULIUS C. MICHAELSON

Mercy for Japs (Concl.)

Dear YANK:

It's evening. We're sitting about two feet from our foxhole thinking about a letter written by Pvt. Ralph H. Luckey from Camp Davis, N. C., in a recent issue of YANK. [Pvt. Luckey protested the shooting of Japs on Makin Island when "they might have been" taken alive as prisoners.—*Ed.*] Do you mind if we ask him a question? Pvt. Luckey, you're now living in an Army camp, just as we did. Making friends, just as we did. Friends who, in time, will be much closer, dearer, to you than you would believe possible.

We bunked together, ate together, laughed and played together, worked and dated together. Recently we fought together. During the battle, Blackie was wounded and taken prisoner. When we advanced several hours later, we found Blackie. His cheeks were punctured by sharp sticks—pulled tight by a wire tourniquet, the sticks acting as a bit does for a horse's mouth. There were slits made by a knife along the center of his legs and on his side—just as if an artist had taken pride in an act of torture well done.

We continued to move on. Do you think that we also continued to remember the niceties of civilized warfare?

Central Pacific — S/Sgt B. W. MILEWSKI

■ This is the last of a series of GI comments in reply to Pvt. Luckey's letter. YANK has received a great number of letters on the subject, but only two readers supported the point of view advocated by Pvt. Luckey.

Message Center

Men asking for letters in this column are all overseas. Write them c/o Message Center, YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. We'll forward your letters. The censor won't let us print the complete addresses.

Anyone who knew Lt. OSCAR M. WILLIAMS, 403d Bomb. Sq., 43d Bomb. Gp., lost in action in S. Pacific, Oct. '43: write Pvt. James E. Williams. . . . GIs at SPRINGFIELD ORD. MACHINIST SCH., H GP., '42: write Cpl. David Greene and guys of "Atlasta Hut." . . . GIs of H & S Co., 3D BN., 923D ENGRS., EGLIN FIELD, FLA.: write Pvt. James P. Pickett. . . . Ex-students of JOHN TARLETON AGRIC. COLLEGE, CLS. '39 & '41: write Pfc. David K. Thornblom. . . . Anybody knowing whereabouts of GERARD S. CARMICHAEL of No. Plainfield, N. J.: write *Message Center*, c/o YANK. . . . Anyone knowing whereabouts of Pvt. DANIEL BLACK, once with 592d Amph. Engrs., Regt. Hq.: write Pvt. Charles H. Baughn. . . . Anyone who knew Pfc. HERBERT J. SAVOIE, lost in action on New Georgia: write his brother, Eldon J. Savoie. . . . WILLIAM SHARDLOW, USMC, or anyone knowing his whereabouts, write: Lt. George Wiener. . . . Cpl. KENNETH HUTTO, SWPA: write Pfc. Robert J. Siler. . . . Pvt. RAYMOND W. JOHNSON, once in Btry. D, 494th AAA Gun. Bn.: write your cousin Pvt. George S. Carlson. . . . DANNY JOSEPH, USN, of the Bronx: write Pvt. Arthur J. Tauber. . . . FLOYDE LAVECK, with the 11th Engr. in Panama, 1934-'37: write M/Sgt. Finas H. Harris. . . . LARRY LLOYD, last heard of in the 32d Div. at Camp Livingston: write S/Sgt. Marshall Wright. . . . Pvts. PETER MAHOLICK and ROBERT MOORE, at Camp Roberts from February to May, 1943, later at Pittsburg (Calif.) PRD: write Pvt. John R. Richards. . . . LOUIS A. ORTALI, sent to Avn. Cadet Sch., from Hawaii: write 1st Lt. Harvey R. Wardrop. . . . FREDERICK OSTROSKY of Cleveland, Ohio: write Cpl. H. F. Swartz. . . . ROCCO M. RUBBO, once with 30th Tech. Sch. Sq., Scott Field, Ill.: write T/Sgt. Charles A. Luth. . . . HAROLD SEEBOLD of Winona, Minn., last heard of in Camp Haan, Calif.: write Cpl. Paul Dunfee. . . . Pfc. JAMES G. SPROAT, somewhere in India: write your brother, Sgt. R. G. Sproat. . . . Capt. CURTIS SUNDQUIST of Eureka, Calif., with an Amph. Engr. unit: write Cpl. T. Hugh A. McLearn. . . . JOSEPH SUSSINA of Rochester, N. Y., & Pvt. John Sussina, once with 501st Prcht. Inf., Fort Benning, Ga.: write your brother, Cpl. Stanley J. Sussina. . . . Pvt. ROBERT K. THOMPSON, somewhere in Calif.: write Pfc. William Purdon. . . . ROBERT B. TUTTLE of Georgia, last heard of in the 724th MP Bn.: write Pvt. Warren R. Ingram. . . . LLOYD VAN NESS, last heard of at Fort Worth, Tex., with Navy or Marines: write Pfc. L. J. Mallony. . . . Pvt. FIFE WHYTT, formerly at Camp Crowder, Mo., now believed in India: write G. Malin.

SHOULDER PATCH EXCHANGE. A list of shoulder-patch collectors' names will be sent to you if you write *Shoulder Patch Exchange*, YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. Specify whether you want your name added to the list.

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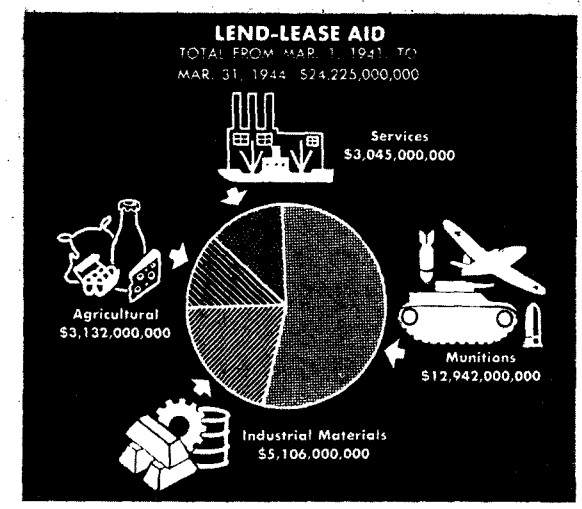
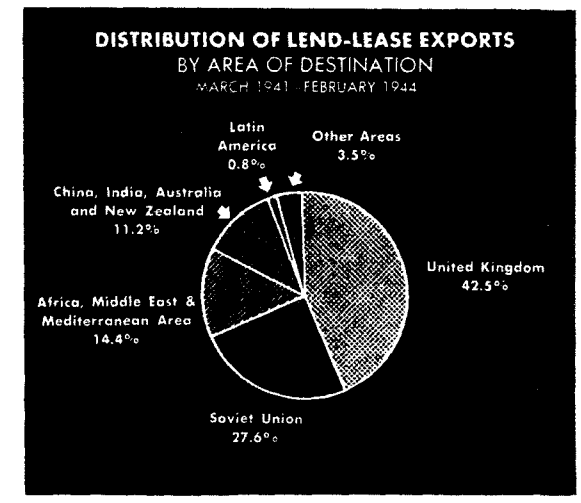
Three Years of LEND-LEASE

Excerpts from President Roosevelt's report on the economic operations that have given our allies the things they need to beat the enemy.





Since the beginning of the lend-lease program on Mar. 11, 1941, we have sent a total of more than 30,000 planes, about 25,000 tanks, and over 800,000 other military motor vehicles to the forces of our allies.

Over 23,000 of the planes, over 23,000 of the tanks, and almost 550,000 of the other motor vehicles went under lend-lease. The others were paid for in cash by our allies.

Over half of all lend-lease aid has consisted of fighting equipment—planes, tanks, guns, ships, bombs and other finished munitions. The other supplies transferred under lend-lease—the industrial materials and products and the food—have been just as essential in the fighting.

The balance of lend-lease aid consists of services: the cost of shipping the supplies and ferrying the planes to battlefronts around the world; servicing and repairing damaged allied men-of-war and merchant ships; factories built in the U. S. with lend-lease funds to produce lend-lease equipment, and the cost of such other services as the allied pilot-training program.

What we have spent on lend-lease has been only 14 cents of every dollar spent by the U. S. for war purposes. The other 86 cents of each war dollar have been used for our own fighting men and our war production.

THE UNITED KINGDOM. In three years of lend-lease operations we have shipped to the United Kingdom over 7 billion dollars worth of lend-lease supplies. Sixty percent of them were shipped in the past year—between Mar. 1, 1943, and Mar. 1, 1944.

Britain's Lancasters and Halifaxes and most of her fighters are produced in her own factories, but RAF Mitchell and Douglas A-20 bombers, RAF Thunderbolts and Mustangs and other American-made fighters and bombers flown by allied pilots are daily joining with the USAAF in attacking German invasion defenses.

At sea, additional thousands of lend-lease carrier-based fighter planes and dive bombers and long-range patrol bombers have helped to knock out the U-boat offensive and bring 99 out of every 100 ships in convoys safe to port.

Over a billion dollars worth of ordnance and ammunition and almost a billion dollars worth of tanks and other military motor vehicles have been shipped to the United Kingdom under lend-lease—three-quarters of them in the past year.

The export figures show not quite $200,000,000 worth of watercraft sent to the United Kingdom. That is the cost of landing barges, PT boats and other fighting craft small enough to be shipped aboard cargo vessels.

We have shipped 5,750,000 tons of steel and over 500,000 tons of other metals. These metals have come out of British factories fabricated into millions of additional tons of materiel that Britain could otherwise not have produced.

We have shipped hundreds of thousands of tons of explosives to be made into the bombs that the RAF drops on Berlin.

Shipments of food and other agricultural products to the United Kingdom have also been of vital importance to British war production and British fighting power.

REVERSE LEND-LEASE AID. By the first of this year, the dollar value of goods, services and facilities provided by the United Kingdom to the U. S. Army, Navy and Air Forces and to our Merchant Marine had totaled $1,526,170,000.

One-third of all the supplies and equipment currently required for our very great forces in the United Kingdom are provided by the United Kingdom and are provided as reverse lend-lease, without payment by us.

THE SOVIET UNION. The United States has sent to the Soviet Union since the beginning of the lend-lease program almost 4¾ billion dollars worth of war supplies. Two-thirds of that amount was shipped in the 12 months between Mar. 1, 1943, and Mar. 1, 1944.

Up to Mar. 1, 1944, we sent to Russia 8,800 planes, more than we had sent under lend-lease to any other military theater. These included light and medium bombers, pursuit planes and transport planes. In the first 60 days of 1944 alone we sent more than 1,000 combat planes. The Soviet Air Force has shown a preference for Airacobra P-39 fighters, Douglas A-20 attack bombers and B-25 Mitchell mediums, and many Russian flyers have made outstanding combat records flying these planes against the Nazis. The Russians are now also getting Thunderbolt P-47s.

Mobile equipment sent to the Soviet Union from the U. S. includes over 190,000 military trucks, 36,000 jeeps, 5,200 tanks and tank destroyers, and 30,000 other military motor vehicles.

Shipments of industrial materials and products from the U. S. have been of important assistance to the Soviet's own production. We have sent, for example, 1,450,000 tons of steel, 420,000 tons of aluminum, copper, nickel, zinc, brass and other nonferrous metals, 200,000 tons of explosives and almost $200,000,000 of machine tools.

In addition to almost 7,000,000 pairs of Red Army boots, we have sent 35,000 tons of leather for production in Soviet factories of additional army boots, together with almost 30,000,000 yards of woolen cloth and 60,000,000 yards of cotton cloth for Soviet Army uniforms.

Lend-lease shipments of food to maintain Soviet Army rations totaled 2,600,000 tons up to Mar. 1, 1944. To help increase Russia's production of her own foods, we have also shipped almost 13,000 tons of seeds.

THE PACIFIC AND FAR EAST THEATERS. Almost 2 billion dollars worth of lend-lease war supplies have been shipped to the Pacific and Far East theaters for the war against Japan.

Approximately three-fifths of these supplies have consisted of fighting equipment for the Australian, New Zealand, Chinese, Dutch, British and Indian army, air, and naval forces fighting beside the U. S. forces.

Almost all the remaining shipments have consisted of industrial materials and products for the production of fighting equipment, food and strategic raw materials in Australia, New Zealand and India.

Lend-lease equipment has had an important role in the Burma campaign this year. The Chinese 22d and 38th Divisions, which include a Chinese tank corps, have made up a major part of the forces under Gen. Stilwell that have advanced down the Hukawng and Mogaung valleys, killed thousands of Japanese, retaken 7,500 square miles and are now halfway to the Chinese frontier. These divisions were trained and equipped in India under lend-lease.

To the south, airborne British jungle veterans have been cutting Japanese communication lines, while other British and Indian troops have fought back a Japanese counterthrust in the Kohima-Imphal area. These forces are also making use of lend-lease arms, in addition to equipment produced in India and Britain.

In the air over Burma the RAF and Indian Air Force are using American as well as British planes in combined operations with the USAAF.

From the northeastern Indian province of Assam runs the air line which has been our only direct connection with China since the Burma Road was cut two years ago.

Day in and day out, great numbers of transport planes make the trip. The monthly tonnage of supplies carried into China each month over the Hump is now 15 times what it was a year ago, and our shipments are increasing.

The great majority of lend-lease shipments to the India-China theater have, of necessity, so far gone only as far as India and Burma.

Reverse lend-lease aid furnished to the U. S. in India up to Mar. 1, 1944, totaled almost $150,000,000. Petroleum products, including aviation gasoline from the British refinery at Abadan (Iran) for the USAAF in India, make up a large part of the total.

AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND. To supplement the equipment furnished from British and Australian war production, the U. S. has shipped them under lend-lease almost $200,000,000 worth of aircraft and another $200,000,000 worth of tanks and other military motor vehicles.

AFRICA, MIDDLE EAST AND MEDITERRANEAN. Seventy-five percent of all lend-lease shipments for the war in the Mediterranean-African-Middle East theater has consisted of fighting equipment.

Over $300,000,000 worth of equipment and supplies have been consigned to the American commanding general in the field for lend-lease transfer to the French forces, in addition to lend-lease shipments made direct from the U. S.

SOUTH AND CENTRAL AMERICAN COUNTRIES. Up to Mar. 1, 1944, actual lend-lease shipments to the other American republics have had a total value of less than $136,000,000, while lend-lease transfers in the same period totaled $169,000,000. This was less than 1 percent of lend-lease exports to all areas. Two-thirds of these military supplies went to Brazil.

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Merchant Marine Ribbons

Dear YANK:

This being in London is almost like being home, especially since so many guys are dazzling the natives with their chesty arrays of ribbons. And I mean chesty, considering that American GIs are wearing ribbons simply for being in a "theater of operations" which British soldiers call home. Before I came into the Army I served on cargo ships sailing through submarine waters, and I'd like to know why GIs who are holidaying over here can get ribbons for nothing while veteran seamen now in the Army have nothing to show for the real war dangers they risked.

Britain —Pvt. MARTIN COURTNEY

■ Former members of the Merchant Marine now in the armed services are entitled to wear a special Merchant Marine ribbon. The War Shipping Administration in Washington, D. C., will give this ribbon to qualified GIs if they will send the WSA full particulars of their sea service, including the ships they sailed in, the dates of their service and the areas in which they served.

Escaped Prisoners

Dear YANK:

The other night we were discussing what happens to an MP who lets a prisoner—a GI who went AWOL and was caught, for example—escape while under his escort. One of the fellows says nothing happens, but I thought that the Army always made the MP serve the sentence of the man he let escape. Isn't that so?

Anzio Beachhead —Cpl. JOSEPH YATES

■ No. That is one of those Old Army rumors that never seem to die. However, if a soldier guarding a prisoner lets him escape, either by neglect or intention, he is subject to court martial under the 73d Article of War. A guard who lets his prisoner escape through neglect can be sentenced to six months in prison, plus loss of two-thirds of his pay for the same period. If the guard deliberately lets his prisoner get away, he can be given a dishonorable discharge and be sentenced to one year in prison.

What's Your Problem?

Mexican Muddle

Dear YANK:

I'll start from the very beginning. I'm 27 years old and I entered the Army in '41. While I was at Fort Sam Houston, Tex., I became infatuated with a girl and went to Mexico and was told by a priest (or monk) there that we were married by him. I lived with her only one night. There were no papers of the marriage, and I did not sign any such papers in Mexico. I paid her no allotment till June 1942 when, unknown to me, she applied for allotment. OK. In June 1943 I again went to Mexico and got a divorce (so I was told), but not one paper was signed by me or anyone else, for it was granted by this monk (or priest, or whatever he was) in Mexico.

I went to my first sergeant in my last camp to find out about getting the allotment to stop but failed. You see, this 70- or 80-year-old monk (or whatever he was) told me I'd have to pay her alimony. But me going to all the trouble I did, and with no one who could (or would) tell me anything I went ahead and got married to another girl. Now I can't get an allotment for my second wife because of this other mess. I was told the first girl was married again and living in Mexico—where I do not know. I don't even know what happened to her, but they have been taking pay out of my $50 every month. Now, if my divorce was not legal how can the marriage be legal? Also where and how and when did she get papers asking for the allotment? Please can you help me as I'm in enough trouble as it is and do not want to lose the one girl I will really ever love. Several people here are calling me a bigamist, and I don't think I am.

Panama —Pvt. J. C. H.

■ Wow! Well, here goes. In the first place, as far as the allowance is concerned, that first girl was pretty smart, because she obviously submitted a marriage certificate of some kind to prove that she was your wife; otherwise the Office of Dependency Benefits would not have approved her application for a family allowance. In the second place, many foreign divorces are looked upon with deep suspicion by the ODB, and where there is not even documentary proof of the divorce (as in your case) the ODB would probably have to continue payments to the girl in Mexico. The ODB suggests you send full details of your case to its office at 213 Washington Street, Newark, N. J. Don't forget to include your ASN. As for the legal, social and moral aspects of your problem, see your legal assistance officer. See your CO. See your personal affairs officer. See your chaplain. Quick.

Deep-Sea Diving

Dear YANK:

This will sound phoney as hell, but we're not kidding, YANK. We're in the Paratroopers, and I guess there are no greater misfits in the Army than us. You see, we were deep-sea fishermen before we were inducted into the Army, and when we were sent to the Infantry we decided it was only a little more ridiculous to be in the Paratroops than in the Infantry so we volunteered for jump training. We don't like it, however, particularly since we hear it is possible now to get into deep-sea diving, which is a lot closer to the water (and our hearts) than this is. Maybe our first sergeant was ribbing us when he said we could transfer to deep-sea diving, but we're overlooking no bets. What's the deal?

On Maneuvers —Pvt. L. ANTONELLI and Pvt. J. GERACI

■ Your first sergeant was probably kidding you, all right, but as a matter of fact there does happen to be an Engineer Diving and Salvage School at Fort Screvens, Ga. However, only men from the Army Service Forces can apply, and that lets you paratroopers out. Even those in the ASF who want to transfer should note that the school is very small, making it hard for them to enroll. Applicants must meet physical requirements prescribed by AR 40-100 and must be approved by the Surgeon General before being assigned to the course. They should have attained a minimum score of 90 in the AGCT and 90 in the mechanical-aptitude test. Incidentally, GI deep-sea divers may make $10 to $20 extra per month, depending upon their rating.

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VOL. 3, NO. 1

THIS ISSUE marks the beginning of YANK's third y[illegible] Unlike other magazines and newspapers, this GI [illegible] observe anniversaries with the desire to survive [illegible] many years to come. Like everybody else in the armed forces, YANK hopes each anniversary will be the last one. The soone[illegible] the end of the war puts us out of business the better we will like it.

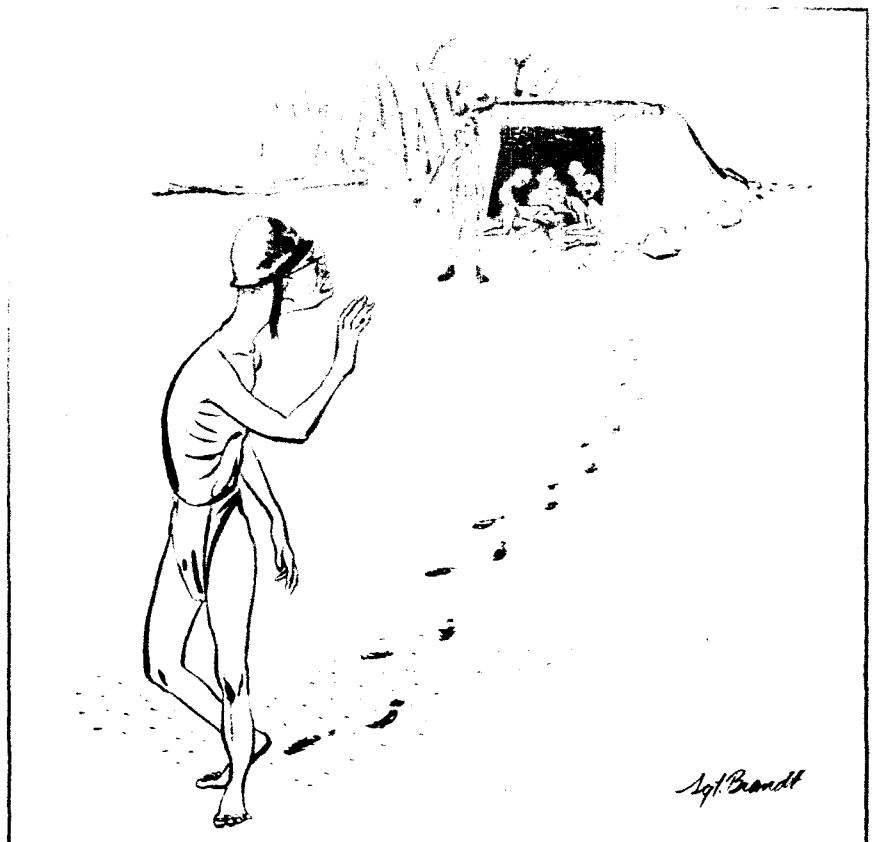
Like the Army, YANK has grown a lot and has spread out to many distant places during the last two years.

When we started The Army Weekly in June 1942, we had only one edition, printed in New York for overseas soldiers only. A year ago, when we observed our first anniversary, YANK was publishing four editions; two in New York (one for the U. S. and one for general overseas distribution), the British Edition in London and the Caribbean edition in Puerto Rico.

Now YANK publishes 14 editions. In addition to those mentioned above, we print each week the Pacific Edition in Hawaii, the Down Under Edition in Australia, the Middle East Edition in Cairo, the Persian Gulf Edition in Teheran, the CBI Edition in Calcutta, the European Edition in Naples, the Pan-American Edition in Panama, the Alaska Edition in New York, a second Caribbean Edition in Trinidad and a pony-sized Pacific Air-Mail Edition in Hawaii.

This coming year we may publish another edition in the Pacific, and, of course, we expect to follow the Army farther into Continental Europe.

In the meantime, YANK is doing its best to put out a paper for enlisted men all over the world that will show them in words, pictures and drawings what other enlisted men are doing, saying and thinking. And we are doing our best to handle that task with honesty and sincerity and without phony glamor. After two years, YANK is still written and edited by enlisted men only, and it aims to satisfy only enlisted men. It will stay that way during its third year and during as many more years as it remains in operation.



"Hara-Kiri, hell! I'm going over the hill!"

Overseas Strength

SECRETARY STIMSON has announced that there are now 3,657,000 American troops outside the U.S. and that by the end of the year there will be 5,000,000 or two-thirds of the total strength of the Army. More than half of the Ground Forces are already overseas and the Air and Service Forces are close to their planned top overseas strength. At present the Air Forces (which Mr. Stimson said now has more than 75,000 planes) has overseas almost half of its total strength of 2,357,000 men, more than half of its 34,000 combat planes, 925 bases excluding those in U. S. territories and 110,000 miles of transport lines.

The Navy Department announced that as of Apr. 1 it had 1,566,000 Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard men serving afloat or overseas and that 900,000 more naval personnel are either en route overseas or in training for sea or foreign duty. Artemus Gates, assistant secretary of the Navy, said recently that the Navy would soon have 37,700 planes of all types.

GI Shop Talk

Presidential citations "as public evidence of deserved honor and distinction" have been awarded to the 3d Bn. of the 504th Parachute Infantry Regiment, the 1st Ranger Bn., the 3d Ranger Bn. and to the 3d Bombardment Division (H), formerly the 4th Bombardment Wing (H). . . . The Fifth Army Plaque and Clasp has been presented to the Transportation Corps' Military Railway Service in the Mediterranean theater. . . . The French Signal Corps Training Center in the North African theater has graduated its first class. . . . The Quartermaster Corps has designed a large, improved money belt, styled to fit British money. . . . Two-thirds of the output of chewing gum in the U. S. the remainder of this year will go to the armed forces.

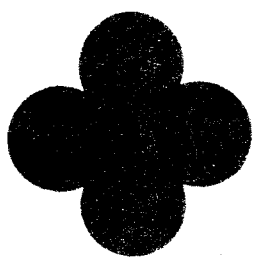
ASTP Selection

New authority has been provided for the selection of trainees for ASTP, but it sharply curtails the number of trainees and raises the standards for admission. Trainees may be selected up to ¼ of 1 percent per month from troop units not in the Infantry. Applications will be considered only from physically qualified men in the U. S. 1) who are not in the Infantry, 2) who have completed basic training, 3) who have not been alerted individually or with their units for overseas duty and 4) who are not members of a unit whose personnel has been frozen. Details can be found in *WD Cir. No. 184, 10 May 1944.*

Draftee Divisions

The 85th and 88th Divisions, first all-draftee outfits to fight in Europe, made up the majority of the American troops who broke the stalemate in Italy by advancing from Minturno to Sezze. Components of the 2d Corps of the Fifth Army, they arrived in Italy only a short time before the offensive began. The emblem of the 85th Division is a red "CD" on a circular field of olive drab. The initials stand for "Custer Division" and commemorate the fact that the division was originally activated at Camp Custer, Mich., in 1917. The 88th Division, which was first activated the same year at Camp Dodge, Iowa, has as its emblem a conventionalized blue four-leaf clover, which looks like two crossed figure eights.

85th Division



88th Division

GI Newspaper Contest

Grand prize in the world-wide Camp Newspaper Service Contest of 1944 went to the U. S. Army *Dispatch*, published in the Persian Gulf Command. The 45th Division *News*, published in Italy, was adjudged the best overseas letterpress newspaper; the 957 *News* (now called the *Redlander*) of Hawaii, best overseas offset; the *Daily Beacon* in the Solomons, best overseas mimeograph. Domestic prizes went to the *Echoes* at Drew Field, Fla., for letterpress; the *North Star*, published by an ATC unit in Canada, for offset; and the *Drum*, Fort Niagara, N. Y., for mimeograph. The *Drum* was the only newspaper to take prizes in both the 1943 and 1944 contests.

Information Units

The WD has authorized the establishment of information and historical units to collect and prepare material on combat activities, such as news stories and pictures for public release and data for historical and training purposes. In most theaters the units will be formed from personnel already in the theaters. Officers and EM will be selected for both their civilian and military background. The units normally will be attached to an army, independent corps or major task force and will be employed as prescribed by the theater or task-force commander.

Army Separations

Separations from the Army underwent a considerable decrease during the first three months of 1944. During the latter part of 1943, they had run as high as 90,000 a month; in the first quarter of 1944 they dropped to a monthly average of 50,000. The break-down of figures up to Mar. 31:

	Officers	Enlisted	Total
Total deaths	13,000	45,000	58,000
Honorable discharges	13,000	890,000	903,000
Prisoners and missing	10,000	46,000	56,000
Other separations	2,000	144,000	146,000
Totals	38,000	1,125,000	1,163,000

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Cpl. King worked with several "cats" like this one when he began his professional career at the age of nine.

camp news

Youngest Animal Trainer Now an AAF Corporal

LaGuardia Field, N. Y.—When Cpl. Manuel King, 20, of Snakeville, Tex., entered the Army at Dodd Field, Tex., he left behind him a brief but highly successful career as a trainer of wild animals. He had just finished an engagement in Mexico City and was in the midst of training a mixed group of lions, pumas and tigers when Uncle Sam's greetings reached him. On Jan. 29, 1943, King retired from the arena, the youngest animal trainer in the business.

Animals were no novelty in King's life. His father, W. A. (Snake) King, had been in the animal business since 1895, supplying circuses, zoos and pet shops with everything from canaries to elephants and specializing in snakes.

Young King started at the age of 7 with 12 lion cubs and made his professional debut with full-grown lions at the Majestic Theater in San Antonio, Tex., at the age of 9. At 12 he was working a group of 12 lions with a Belgian shepherd dog. His act played Shrine circuses and fairs in many states and had a long run at the Million Dollar Pier in Atlantic City, N. J.

It was in Atlantic City that King had the closest of his many brushes with death. He was putting two tigers and two lions of a mixed group through their paces for news-reel photographers, who were set up outside the cage. King had the two tigers on their pedestals when one of the lions leaped for him. He was knocked flat by the animal's drive but managed to hang onto his gun. It fired only blanks, but it was enough to save his life; he fired a few shot at the animal, which veered away from him and then went for one of the tigers. A fight that followed was finally broken up by another trainer.

Not a foot of this drama was filmed by the cameramen, who stood paralyzed by the goings-on. One moved toward his camera but got so entangled with a power line that he disconnected it.

King's only injury in that episode was a ripped pair of pants, but he bears reminders of other narrow escapes. There are claw scars on his left cheek, right hand and legs.

The corporal is with the 22d AACS Detachment here and expects to go overseas before long. He'd like to ship to South America, since he speaks both Spanish and Portuguese fluently. He likes his work in the AACS, but animals are in his blood, and he plans to return to the family's animal ranch after the war.

He's finished with animal training, though. "I was the youngest in the business when I retired," he says, "but I may not be when this war is over."

Unable to use water, the motor trainees worked with rakes and shovels to salvage what grain they could.

Motor Trainees Heroes In Grain Elevator Blaze

Fort Francis E. Warren, Wyo.—A store of 17,000 bushels of wheat, worth approximately $25,000, was doomed to destruction before eight trucks bearing 35 men from Fort Warren happened on the scene of a grain-elevator fire at Hillside, Wyo. As a result of their work, about half of the grain was saved.

The soldiers were students of the motor-training school and were on their way back to the post from a routine instruction convoy when they noticed the blaze. Cpl. Worth B. Gregory of Longview, Tex., and Pvt. Earl R. Thompson of Aberdeen, Wash., the instructors in charge, immediately ordered the drivers to swing over to the burning elevator.

Unable to fight the fire in the usual manner because water-soaked grain is worthless, the GIs set about to salvage as much of the wheat as possible. With shovels and rakes they loaded their trucks with grain yet untouched by the flames. They worked until late that night and then returned the next two days. By the third afternoon they had finished their job.

The wheat belonged to Albert Schliske, operator of an elevator at Burns, Wyo., who had recently purchased it at auction. The cause of the blaze was not immediately determined.

Assisting Cpl. Gregory and Pvt. Thompson in directing the salvage and loading operations were Cpl. Ira J. Collins, Pfc. Rufus Core, Pvts. George W. Patrick, Depre Rodgers, Alvin Thomas, Leslie W. Cox, J. T. Beton and L. V. Taylor.

The motor-training school students are members of the 795th, 790th, 792d, 786th, 788th and 731st Sanitary Companies. Cpl. Gregory and Pvt. Thompson are both members of Headquarters Company, ASFTC.

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Robert French and brother, Pvt. Francis French.

1,700 Mile Hop to Pull KP

Herington Army Air Field, Kans.—Robert French, 18, of Glens Falls, N. Y., went AWOL from a civilian job and hitchhiked 1,700 miles across country to see his brother, Pvt. Francis French. He arrived here without a dime in his pocket, only to find that his brother had gone home on furlough.

Figuring that he couldn't get back home before his brother left to return to camp, Robert talked sympathetic GIs into allowing him to sleep in his brother's bunk and pull KP for two weeks. Being a GI, if only in an unofficial way, was really what he wanted anyhow. He had tried to enlist but had been turned down because of ear trouble.

In time officials became aware of the non-GI doing GI work, and Robert was questioned. He was told that, while the Army appreciated his ambition, the fact remained that he was a civilian.

A break came for him, however, when the civilian personnel officer found a vacancy in the post's fire department. Robert took the job and is now satisfied that, at least, he is closer than before to what he wanted most.

Sergeant Makes Special Lures

Tinker Field, Okla.—M/Sgt. Glenn E. Cowden of the Area Inspector's office makes artificial trout and bass flies, plugs and lures as a hobby. It all grew out of his fishing expeditions in the Smoky Mountains of his home state, Tennessee, where natural bait is prohibited by law.

When Cowden came into the Army in 1941 he brought along his special paints, feathers, hairs and waxes for fly making and has worked up a sizable collection of life-like fish bait. Trout flies and streamers are his specialty, and they range in size from the mosquito to the minnow. All are meticulously constructed, with no detail omitted.

MP Moves the War On

Camp Polk, La.—Cpl. Alvin E. Singer of the 8th Armd. Div. MP platoon was directing tank and armored-vehicle traffic when an artillery liaison plane chose an open space on the highway for an emergency landing.

"I'm lost," the pilot told the corporal.

"Take this map and head straight down the road," Cpl. Singer said, a little annoyed at the interruption. "You'll be home in an hour. Now get out of here. You're holding up the war."

Glimpse Into the Future

Trinidad PW Camp, Colo. — In discussing post-war employment with some of his buddies, Cpl. Vito Caselnova talked at length of his former job with a telegraph company. Without mentioning exactly what his job was, Caselnova said it necessitated extensive travel.

At that point, Cpl. William Freeman spoke up emphatically: "That's it exactly! We servicemen are up against it as far as post-war employment is concerned." Then, turning to Caselnova, he added: "You will never be able to go back to your old job at the telegraph company!"

"How come?" asked Caselnova, not quite following Freeman's reasoning.

"Why?" said Freeman. "Because you've outgrown your bicycle!"

Sticking Together

BTC 10, Greensboro, N. C.—The careers of Sgts. Marvin Gerchen and John K. Fick, both of St. Louis, Mo., have hit a high in parallels, which extend also into certain physical similarities. They were together and barracksmates on these occasions:

Enlistment, Nov. 2, 1942; Jefferson Barracks, Mo.; Laredo AAF, Tex.; graduation, gunnery school, sergeant's ratings, appointments as instructors; Fort Myers, Fla., to attend Central Instructors' School; Laredo AAF, Tex., to instruct in turret department, same subject, in adjoining schoolrooms; volunteered for overseas duty; Fort Myers, Fla., for refresher course; BTC 10, Overseas Replacement Depot; awarded Good Conduct Medal; qualified on carbine and .45 pistol.

Physical similarities: both are 5 feet 8 inches tall, both weigh 140 pounds, wear 7½E shoes, 29-31 trousers and 14½-33 shirts. Differences: Sgt. Fick wears 6⅞ hat, is 22, blond and married; Sgt. Gerchen wears 7⅛ hat, is 20, brunette and single.

AROUND THE CAMPS

Camp Stoneman, Calif.—Riding on a bus T-5 Kay Eachus of the 110th WAC Detachment noticed an elderly woman staring at her. The woman didn't utter a word for the entire trip; then as they both got off the bus she said: "Pardon me, but do you work for the government?"

DeRidder Army Air Base, La.—When Cpl. F. W. Nicholas, former stage designer, arrived at his reception center his first detail was to design and build a latrine. Recently a scenic designer was needed to work on the sets for the post show, "Lousy-Ana Poichase," and Cpl. Nicholas volunteered. His first job was to build a prop for a hillbilly scene—a latrine.

Camp McCoy, Wis.—Pvt. John Williamson of the 271st Ordnance Motor Maintenance Co. was looking for a pair of baseball shoes in company supply and came across an old baseball uniform. It was one which he had worn at Fort Sam Houston, Tex., in 1941 when he played for the 12th FA Bn.

MacDill Field, Fla.—With all the cunning of a practical joker, Cpl. Wes Mart sneaked up on the covered figure in Pvt. Joe Schleife's bed. He carefully placed a match between the sole and uppers of one of the protruding shoes, lit it and scurried away. As the match burned to its end, without the expected result, Mart heard his buddies' laughter. He'd given a hot foot to a dummy, constructed by barracksmates the previous night while the intended victim, Schleife, was working at the post office.

Camp Roberts, Calif.—When Pfc. James McRoberts set out in his blue fatigues to do a little road work for exercise on his day off, his jogging figure caught the eye of an officer and several GIs on the nearby range. In no time the athletic MP found himself staring into the business end of a carbine and being marched off to the provost marshal's office. His blue outfit and running figure had spelled "escaped prisoner" to the GIs who saw him and they'd taken appropriate action.

Stuttgart Army Air Field, Ark.—S/Sgt. Robert F. Graham, flight mechanic here, attended a country livestock auction in Lonoke on his day off. He ended up the owner of a full-grown Arkansas mule for his bid of $20. Now he is paying $1 a week to board the animal on a nearby farm until he figures out what to do with it.

Camp Shelby, Miss.—M/Sgt. Edward J. Hamilton pridefully puts in a claim to fame for his outfit, the Service Company, 271st Inf., 69th Div. In its year of activation, since May 15, 1943, no one in the outfit has been AWOL and there hasn't been a single court-martial case.

Sedalia Army Air Field, Mo.—Prompt action by Pvt. Jack Waltz, on volunteer lifeguard duty at a swimming pool in Warrensburg, is credited with saving the life of a semiconscious and bleeding sailor. Spotting the helpless man about 10 feet from the edge of the pool, Waltz dove in and with the aid of two sailors brought him to safety. After Waltz had administered first aid, the sailor, Apprentice Seaman Howard G. Bowes of Salt Lake City, Utah, was taken to the nearby Naval dispensary and thence to the station hospital.

Camp Crowder, Mo.—Something about pay day and the advent of spring did things to Sgt. Paul Cavicchi, mess sergeant of Co. X, 800th Sig. Tng. Regt., and a former chef at Antoine's in New Orleans, La. Cavicchi came through with the following menu: Stuffed olives, hearts of celery, hors d'oeuvres; hot consomme Reine; sirloin steak with Bordelaise sauce; Parisienne potatoes, French peas, French fried onions; French salad bowl; assorted cut pastry, cream puffs and surprise cake. And an individual printed menu to show GIs they weren't dreaming it all.

HOW TO LOSE A BALL GAME

Fort MacArthur, Calif.—Pitching for the Motor Pool team, Pfc. Buck Trainor fanned the first six men to come to bat and at the end of five innings held a comfortable 5-2 lead over the rival Signal Company team.

But in the sixth inning, when the going got a little tough, Trainor swallowed his cud of tobacco in his excitement. Half an inning later he was sick. In the seventh inning he was even sicker.

The Motor Pool team lost the game, 6-5.

PROP SPINN[illegible] J. Hobbs uses a medium bomber as the [illegible] his fancy rope trick at Harlingen AAF. [illegible] a former professional.

SUGAR LINE. [illegible] Ball with Pvt. Edward Stokes, and Lane [illegible] behind her. Wounded men from Birmingham [illegible] Hosp., Calif., dated stars.

EXPERT OLDSTER. Is 1st Sgt. Allan Morrison, 53, the oldest to win expert infantryman's badge? Maj. Gen. Mueller awards it at Camp Beale, Calif.

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What goes on in the ENTERTAINMENT WORLD

HOLLYWOOD

Barbara Britton has been signed to play the role of "Kathy," John L. Sullivan's wife, in the Crosby Productions' "The Great John L." . Joel McCrea and Frances Dee will co-star in "Hold Autumn in Your Hand." . . . The 10th annual award of the Catholic War Veterans' National Commander's Citation was given to Eddie Cantor for his war work. . . Chester Morris has signed a three-picture deal with Columbia, the first of which will be "Boston Blackie's Appointment with Death." . . . Lee Bowman has been assigned the male starring role opposite Rita Hayworth in "Tonight and Every Night." . . . Jinx Falkenburg, chosen pin-up girl by GIs at the Pentagon in Washington, gets her first solo starring role in "Song of Tahiti." . . . Veronica Lake will co-star with Eddie Bracken and Diana Lynn in "Out of This World." . . . Bob Hope's next is "The Princess and the Pirate," originally titled "Sylvester the Great." . . . GIs of the 3022d AAFBU at Indian Springs, Nev., have voted Joan Leslie the "girl with whom we'd most like to go desert happy." . . . Peggy Ann Garner, who played Jane Eyre as a child, has been selected for the coveted role of Francie in "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn." . . . June Duprez plays opposite Cary Grant in "None but the Lonely Heart." . . . "The Thin Man Goes Home" brings the team of William Powell, Myrna Loy and Asta back to the screen. . . . Fred Astaire and Lucille Ball share honors in "Yolanda and the Thief." . . . Thomas Mitchell has a featured role in "Dark Waters," which stars Merle Oberon. . . . Stage and screen star Ralph Bellamy celebrates his 25th year in show business with his assignment to the leading male role in "Guest in the House."

WAKE-UP DOLL. That's Maryann Hoy who makes sure you make your train back to camp. If you've been up late celebrating at the Cafe Zanzibar (N. Y.), you fill out a form and Maryann phones you wherever you're staying.

Overseas GI Sells Movie

S/Sgt. William Sackheim, stationed in the South Pacific, recently sold a yarn to Columbia to climax 10 years of writing effort. Sackheim submitted numerous stories and also tried to get a job at Columbia before the war, but didn't click until his recent script, a musical story, was recommended for purchase by Irving Briskin, producer.

IF you're wondering about the costume Peggy Corday is wearing, it's what she puts on when she plays Venus. Venus (with arms) is the role Peggy fills in the Broadway musical hit "Helen Goes to Troy." Before going on the stage, Peggy used to be a model and before that she got born—in Baltimore, Md., just about 22 years ago.

Woodenhead's Protege

JANE POWELL is 14, has a cousin in the Navy, several teen-age boy friends and a "Hallowe'en colored" cat-named Punky. She also has a voice on which, plus her personality, United Artists is gambling a hunk of dough. Jane is seen and heard on the screen for the first time in "Song of the Open Road." But she is no stranger to radio audiences, who have heard her many times on the Edgar Bergen-Charlie McCarthy program.

Four years ago Jane, whose real name is Suzanne Burce, began to study voice seriously in Portland, Oreg., where she was born. For a year her only performances were strictly amateur, in school plays and at parties where she sang and danced. At 11, she went on the air in her own program over KOIN in Portland. The next year she went to Hollywood for a performance on the "Hollywood Showcase" program. She clicked, but big.

MGM won out in the bidding for her talents, then loaned her to United Artists for "Song of the Open Road." Simultaneously she caught the ear and eye of Edgar Bergen, who has since featured her on several programs as a protege of Charlie McCarthy.

Jane is the kind of a cute, blue-eyed brunette you'd like to have for your kid sister. She's as natural as any teen-age, bobby-sock girl. She likes swimming, horseback and bicycle riding, collecting records (both classical and hot) and going to school. She attends the MGM school when she is in Hollywood and has a private tutor when she travels. English and French are her favorite subjects.

Her favorite movie stars are Laraine Day and Van Johnson; her favorite singers, John Charles Thomas, Lily Pons and Ginny Simms. She prefers Bing Crosby to Frank Sinatra. She goes for Sammy Kaye's orchestra on the hot side and likes Andre Kostelanetz for the less jumpy stuff. Her favorite song is "A Little Bit of Heaven."

After a tour across country and back, during which she appeared at WAC recruiting drives, War Bond rallies, canteens and the like, Jane returned to Portland to be crowned queen of Oregon's Rose Festival and to attend the world premiere of her picture. This was the second time her home state had honored her. Just after we entered the war, Jane was chosen "Victory Girl" by the Oregon Victory Committee and toured Oregon, the adjoining states and Canada to help the sale of War Bonds with her songs.

JANE POWELL

COAST TO COAST

Billy Rose's new musical, "Seven Lively Arts," will open at the Ziegfeld Theater in New York City on Oct. 3. . . . Alfred Wallenstein was signed for two more years as musical director of the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra. . . . The Republic, second burley house to light up in Norfolk, Va., opened recently on the boardwalk at Ocean View. . . . The Bamboo Room, nitery in Newport Harbor, Calif., was recently destroyed by a fire that caused an estimated $35,000 damage. . . . Rehearsals of "Mr. Tutt," with Raymond Massey in the title role, will begin around Aug. 25, with the opening scheduled on Broadway during the week of Oct. 30. Show will play out of town four weeks before hitting the Main Stem. . . . The Omaha (Nebr.) Symphony Orchestra has suspended further concerts for the duration. . . . The Chateau Club is the newest night spot to open in Cleveland, Ohio, on the site of the old 3700 Club. . . . A 10-week season of summer stock is on the boards in the Grantwood Theater at Grantwood, N. J. . . . The Decoration Day week end was ushered in at Hamid's Million Dollar Pier in Atlantic City, N. J., with the "Gay Nineties Revue," starring Joe Howard. . . . The new Olsen and Johnson comedy, "Laughing Room Only," opens at the Shubert in Boston on Oct. 1. . . . Showboats and river cruise ships will be allowed larger fuel rations this summer, the OPA says. . . . The Philadelphia Orchestra opens its 42d season with a concert at Carnegie Hall, N. Y., Oct. 3.

BAND BEAT

Tommy Dorsey's band is No. 1 of the "Spotlight Bands," with a record of 25 appearances before GIs and war workers on the Blue Network broadcasts of that six-a-week program. . . . Herbie Fields, ex-GI staff sergeant, has formed a new 15-piece band. . . . Johnny (Scat) Davis has been added to the Lawrence Welk outfit. . . . Ruth Gaylord has replaced vocalist Lois Lane with Hal McIntyre's crew. . . . Ray Herbeck is another ex-GI to take up the baton again; he's on the West Coast now fronting his original outfit. . . . Bob Chester and band opened Gwyn Oak Park in Baltimore, Md. . . . Alvino Rey is in the Navy and stationed at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station. . . . Induction of Wally Kline, tram man with Spike Jones, was stayed by an attack of measles. . . . Adrian Rollini and his trio have shifted from Rogers Corner in New York City to the Knickerbocker Hotel in Atlantic City, N. J. . . . Xavier Cugat's orchestra will open a new Hollywood spot on Sept. 15 on the site of Ciro's. New nitery will be named the Casa Cugat Club. . . . Gene Krupa is reported to be planning his own outfit after he returns East with Tommy Dorsey late next month. . . . Claremont Inn on Riverside Drive in New York City opened the season with two bands: Joe Ricardel and his orchestra, playing his fourth season, and Pedro and his rumba outfit.

TEE-TOTAL WINNERS

DOMESTIC. Pfc. Alan Glick, Alamogordo, N. Mex., whose solution is shown, led all winners with a score of 450. Prize puzzle kits were also awarded to A/C Donald Bergstrom, San Antonio, Tex. (442); Pvt. B. R. Livingston, Camp Crowder, Mo. (442); Lt. S. Pushkarsh, Dyersburg, Tenn. (441); Pvt. Sol Wallace, Santa Ana, Calif. (440); Pfc. E. P. Tang, Camp Chaffee, Ark. (439).

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PX

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Second Cigarette

OVER on the line he could hear the belly growl of the engines. He didn't feel much like late chow so he walked toward the noise, forgetting Janie for a minute when he caught sight of the A-25 on the ramp. She squatted there, chunky and ugly, her nose sniffing the night air. Funny how he could tell these babies what to do from the tower and he hadn't even sat in one. He leaned against her wing, feeling for his smokes, and found that he'd left his pack in the tower.

There was a light on in sub-depot, so he jumped the rail and crossed the grass. The low white shops were almost dark. He looked at his watch; it was half an hour past quitting time for them, but there must be a watchman there. Inside he headed for a spot when the one bulb glowed in the corner, past the paint guns, the lathes and the props in their mounts. And then he saw the girl, her back toward him, sitting at the long table piled high with the heavy stuff flyers wore.

"Hey, got a cigarette there?" he said, making his way between the tables.

She turned around and looked up. She was wearing a bandanna around her head, knotted on top. Same kind of green Janie wore upstate on their honeymoon.

The girl put down her scissors and reached inside her slacks for a cigarette.

"Thanks," he said, taking it with one hand and fishing for his matches with the other. "Forgot to pick up my own in the tower."

She nodded and slapped the odds and ends of wool to find her thimble underneath.

"Putting in overtime tonight?" he asked. "I thought this place was closed."

"That's right. I just felt like staying a while. So many of these things piled up lately, and I haven't much to do at home anyhow."

"This your home town?"

"Yes."

"Live with your folks?" He didn't know why he asked that. Her face was kind of cute; he couldn't tell the shape inside those baggy pants.

"No," she was saying, "I live in a room I rent from a couple. Their son's in the Navy."

Promising, if a guy wanted to try it. What the hell was the use of shooting pool in the day room every night, or watching the cadets with their wives in the Service Club? Janie would never find out, this far away. Maybe he'd just be getting even, anyhow.

She was getting up now, walking over to a pile of jackets stacked against the wall. She reached for the jackets on top, and seeing they were too far above he moved forward to help her. His arm was stretching up just behind her when the heavy stack toppled over. She stumbled back and he caught her in his arms. He held the feel of her tight against himself, an old remembered excitement flooding through him. She was motionless, her head turned away, and he could feel the tension in her body. He turned her around, his fingers digging deep into her arms. Her head turned up to face him, and his hand was behind it as he bent to kiss her.

Their mouths came hard together, and his mind was wild with flashes of Janie as she'd looked when he'd make love to her. Then he was thrown back almost off his balance as her hands thrust suddenly against his chest.

"What the hell!" he said.

Her hand was to her face, fingers rubbing her lips. She put the other behind her, felt the tumble of clothes and sank back on them. She took a cigarette from her pocket, and he bent down to light it for her, cupping the flare. Her eyes caught the wedding band on his finger, and she looked up at him.

"You're crazy as me," she said slowly. "My guy is in Italy."

Blytheville AAF, Ark. —Cpl. MILTON MELTZER

SWEATING A LINE

IF all the Japanese were laid end to end, we don't know how far they would reach — but wouldn't it be a beautiful sight?

To a GI, the shortest distance between any two points usually includes the PX.

It somehow puzzles us that in all the discussions of the war of nerves there's been no mention of the juke box.

A terrible thing happened to Sgt. Joe Blow yesterday. The poor fellow shot himself, and we had to break his leg.

It must be difficult, even for an old paperhanger like Adolf, to get used to the pasting Germany's been getting.

San Marcos AAF, Tex. —Sgt. GLENN R. DODD

ON THE MARCH

After the seventh mile the men
  Prefer the chanting of the shoes
To singing thrice-sung songs again—
  Too little breath to lose.

A mental song does just as fine
  To add some voltage to the chaste
Cadence of our marching line.
  And gives each man his taste.

Pete in the second section, last
  Platoon, squad number five,
Is beating him a rhythmic feast
  Of Dixieland jive.

Out front the right guide steps alone,
  Pivot of the column's tread,
Drawing strains of Mendelssohn
  From fiddles in his head.

Old homely hymns, tart ballads, blues,
  Songs of all times and recent date
Sung to the chanting of our shoes—
  Silent conglomerate!

And there's a private music lingers
  In the helmet of many a rover,
Of houses to be built, and fingers
  Ringed, when this is over.

San Angelo AAF, Tex. —Pvt. EDMUND M. ZASLOW

"Hell, this ain't much different from maneuvers in Florida!" —T/Sgt. Mal Pearlman, AAFSAT, Orlando, Fla.

HOW NOT TO INCREASE YOUR CIRCULATION

Toward those uncounted millions,
Those well-fed gay civilians,
We guys can feel no envy, to be frank.
Let them drink their Scotch at bars,
Let them drive their motor cars—
But we're the only ones who can read YANK.

Chanute Field, Ill. —Cpl. DAVID TROUP

LIFE AND STILL LIFE AT CAMP HALE, COLORADO — *Three Sketches by Sgt. Willy J. Parker*

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SPORTS: EAGAN, OLD AEF CHAMP, FROWNS ON PRO BOXING

By Sgt. GENE SLUTZ

SOMEWHERE IN INDIA—The oversized middleweight parried high with a long left, hopped to the left, ducked low and then measured his imaginary opponent for a fast right uppercut.

"But gentlemen," he added. "Don't, for goodness' sake, don't ever take it up for a living." It was Lt. Col. Eddie Eagan speaking to a bunch of boxing-conscious GIs at a fighter-bomber station recently. And he was reiterating the plea he had made down through the years to men who intend to lace on the gloves for something besides glory and the huzzas of the mob. This same Eagan and Gene Tunney stand alone as the only undefeated heavyweight champions of the modern ring era.

The catch is, of course, that Eagan, now ATC Special Services chief, never plied the trade for a living. But as an amateur he won the AAU, AEF and Olympic middleweight and heavyweight championships and fought Jack Dempsey twice in exhibition bouts.

It's been a long time since Eagan climbed into the same ring with Dempsey at Denver. Eddie, then a cocky Irish kid of 17, had floored more than 20 opponents of all shapes and sizes from the middleweight class right up to the heavyweight division and was being touted as a coming champion. But most of his ring activities had to be kept confidential because of parental objections. Once his mother caught him and a pal sparring to the tune of the "Blue Danube," and he had to tell her that he was practicing music. It was then he made up his mind to fight for nothing more than the fun of it. His first exhibition with Dempsey may have helped him along those lines.

"Frankly, I'd never heard of Jack Dempsey until that night when Jack Kearns introduced 'His Boy' as the coming champion. I'd been enjoying some success on my own hook and had faced plenty of boilermakers much bigger than Dempsey. I talked myself into believing I wasn't afraid of him."

It didn't take long for Eagan to realize that he had run into something very different from those oversized boilermakers and miners. "Dempsey landed a trip-hammer right that still makes the bees in my bonnet buzz every time I think of it. That first attempted haymaker of mine just worked in reverse and I was extremely thankful that Jack carried me for the remainder of the fight."

In the last war Eagan arrived overseas just when everything was blowing over and the Kaiser's goose had been cooked. There were a lot of the AEF hanging around and a boxing tournament was staged to help pass the time away. Eagan emerged as middleweight and heavyweight champion, and a long, lanky marine named Gene Tunney copped the light-heavyweight title.

Through that boxing show, Eagan and Tunney became fast friends. That friendship was later to play a vital part in Tunney's ascension to the heavyweight throne.

"Gene and I got to talking about what we were going to do when we got back to America. He asked me first. Well, I was intent on finishing my college career, since I was only shy of 19 at the time and especially anxious to attend Yale. It was then that Tunney revealed his ambition: 'I'm going to be heavyweight champion of the world.'"

Incidentally, despite Tunney's much-publicized bookishness, Eagan gets the nod in this department. After completing his studies at Yale, he won a Rhodes scholarship to Oxford—in short, a Whizzer White of his time. Eagan made a big hit in England's amateur boxing circles, and after winning a degree in law, toured the world with the famous British sportsman, Duke of Clydesdale.

In Australia, Eagan's opponent was something more than just a plain big man. He was at least seven feet tall and weighed close to 300 pounds. Since Eagan had just faced Dempsey in the second of their exhibitions in London, the Australian newspapers made the most of this by stretching a point and billing the American as the only man who floored Dempsey 10 times in the first round and 20 times in the second. Needless to say, the Australian was put to sleep promptly.

The biggest laugh Eagan got out of the match came when the giant's father stormed into the dressing room after the bout and roared: "You don't fight fair. You cheated. Nobody ever hit my son in the face before."

Returning to the States, Eagan helped train Tunney for his fights with Dempsey. Here in India Col. Eagan likes to show the films of these fights. Most of the men who see them agree that even if Tunney had gotten up after an actual nine-count, he still would have had an excellent chance of defeating Dempsey. "Watch Dempsey now," whispered Eagan to a nearby sergeant as Dempsey dropped Tunney. "He's as much out on his feet as Tunney seems to be."

Eagan carries only a single scar from his days as a fighter. That's a slightly dented beak. Otherwise it's difficult to identify him with the fight game. A bit of Yale here, a touch of Oxford there, plus a prosperous law firm, which he intends to rejoin after the war, have left him much happier, he insists, than if he had turned pro.

Lt. Col. Eddie Eagan plays host to Paulette Goddard during her recent visit to the China-Burma-India theater.

Chief Specialist
Tiger outfielder
is also handy
Station tea

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

S/Sgt. **Joe Louis** must have gotten a chuckle from that **Al Delaney-Sgt. Freddie Mills** fight in London the other night, in which Mills knocked out Delaney in five rounds. Back in 1934, Louis fought Delaney, then known as **Alex Borchuk**, in Detroit and chilled him in four rounds. . . . Here are some of the college football players stationed in England waiting for D-Day: **Sgt. Freddie Crawford**, All-Southern tackle at Duke; **Lt. Pug Rentner**, Northwestern's All-American back of '31, who later starred with the Bears; **Capt. Marshall Spivey**, Texas Aggie quarterback and captain in '41; **Ens. Vic Kolman**, formerly of Temple and the Bears; **Maj. Wink Davis**, one-time Georgia Tech backfield star; **Capt. Carl Hinkle**, All-American center at Vanderbilt, and **Capt. Houston Betty**, Missouri's All-Big Six center in '35. . . . **Capt. Frank Guernsey**, the tennis ace, is back from the Aleutians, where he saw plenty of action as a fighter pilot. . . . File and Forget: More than 250 boxers have been discharged from the armed forces since Jan. 1 with CDDs. . . . **Bob Hoernschemeyer**, Indiana's sophomore whiz, flunked his entrance exams for Annapolis.

Missing in action: **Capt. Hal Van Every**, Minnesota's great fullback of 1937-'38-'39, after his fourth mission as a bomber pilot over Germany. . . . *Commissioned:* **Winston Churchill Guest**, international polo player and second cousin of Prime Minister Winston Churchill, as a second lieutenant in the Marines. . . . *Promoted:* **Lt. Clarence (Soup) Campbell**, one-time Cleveland Indians' outfielder, to captain at Grand Island (Nebr.) Army Air Field. . . . *Transferred:* **Cpl. Billy Conn** from Wright Field, Dayton, O., to Overseas Replacement Depot, Greensboro, N. C. . . . *Ordered for Induction:* **George Caster**, relief pitcher of the Browns, by the Navy; **Buddy Kerr**, rookie Giant shortstop, by the Army; Pitcher **Ken Raffensberger**, catcher **Ben (Baldy) Culp**, shortstop **Ray Hamrick**, all of the Phillies, by the Navy. . . . *Rejected:* **Al Javery**, right-hander of the Braves (1 and 4 this year), because of varicose veins in both legs.

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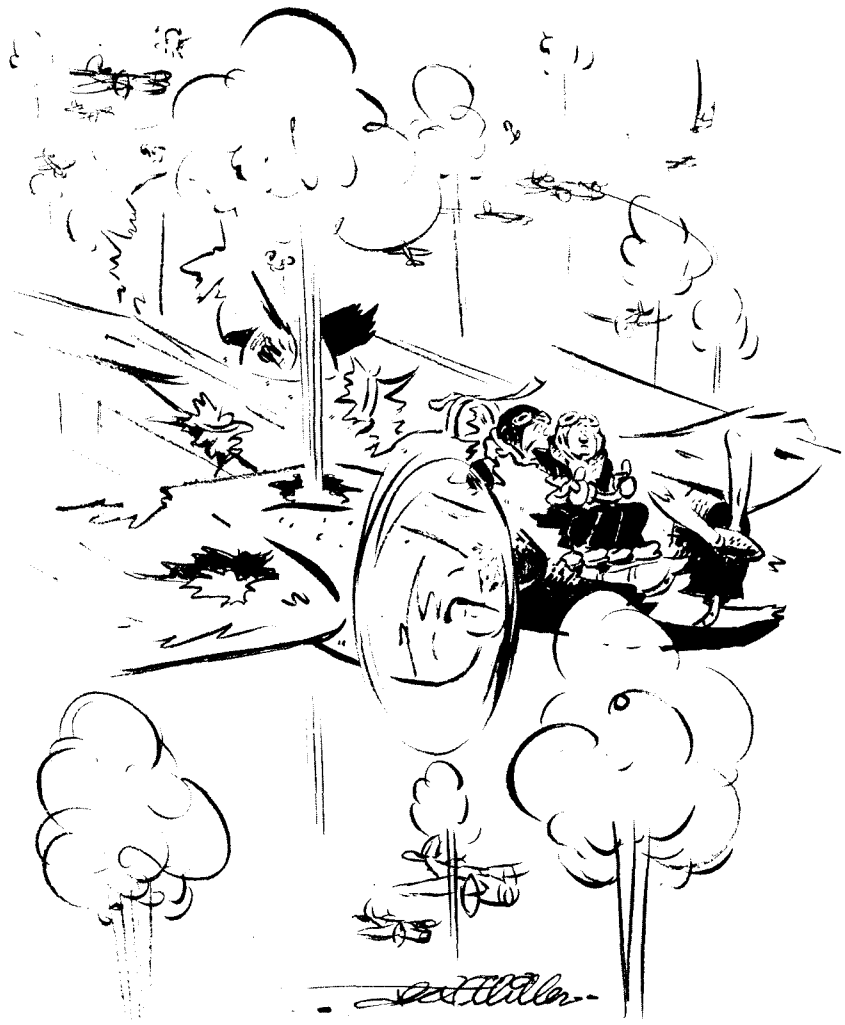
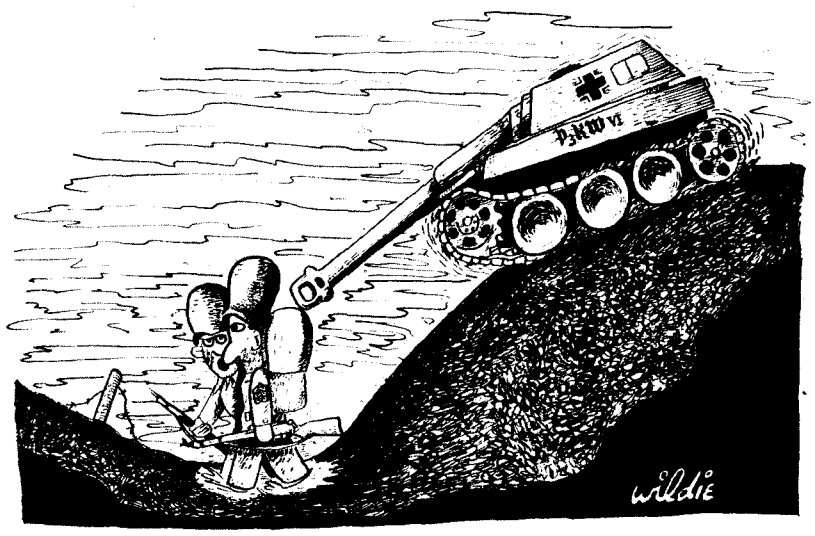


"PERSONALLY, I FEEL CONSPICUOUS AS HELL."
—M/Sgt. Ted Miller



"JUST MAKE LIKE YOU DON'T NOTICE THEM."
—Pfc. Frederick Wildfoerster

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"AND IT CAME IN ALL DIFFERENT FLAVORS—VANILLA, CHOCOLATE, STRAWBERRY—AND THEY'D PUT IT IN THIS CONE—" —Cpl. Eisenstat

"HE'S BEEN THERE EVER SINCE I ATE THEM K RATIONS."
—Cpl. Jerry Chamberlain

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